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★ Dr. JOHN S. BILLINGS. APR 2 1908

For my dear friend
Mrs. Billings —
May 13th 1903 —

EARLY DAYS OF WASHINGTON

BY

S. SOMERVELL MACKALL

ILLUSTRATED BY SEVENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS (WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS) BY THE AUTHOR

ARMORIAL BEARING OF THE EARL OF MONTROSE

Washington

[redacted]

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To My Mother

SALLY SOMERVELL MACKALL

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS

	Page.
Armorial Bearing of the Earl of Montrose	*title*
Sally Somervell Mackall	5
Analostan Island	15
Georgetown College From the River	21
Rev. John Carroll, D.D.	25
Lulworth Castle	27
The Convent and Academy of the Visitation, Geo'town	31
The Old Threlkeld Stables	33
The Old Threlkeld Pump	35
"The Cedars"	37
Rock Creek	41
Ninian Beall	50
Mrs. Ninian Beall	51
Old Beall Chair	55
The Beall Sword	57
Mrs. George C. Washington	61
Upton Beall	65
Thomas Peters' Place	71
Benjamin Mackall's Home	79
Cane of William Whann	83
Paymaster David Whann	85
David Whann's Commission From Pres't Jefferson	89
David Whann's Commission From Pres't Madison	91

Page.
Turban of Mrs. David Whann 101
The Old Presbyterian Church 109
Thomas Johnson 121
The Old Court House in Frederick County, Md. . 127
President Zachary Taylor 137
President Jefferson Davis 141
Cabin John Bridge 143
Mackall Jar 147
Mackall Jar 151
Leonard Mackall 155
Mrs. Leonard Mackall 155
The Old Beall House, Georgetown Heights 157
Kosciusko Desk 161
Judge Benjamin Mackall 4th 163
Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge 167
Mackall Square, Georgetown Heights 171
"Rock of Dumbarton" 175
Louis Mackall 2d 180
Mrs. Louis Mackall 181
"Monterey" 185
The Old Key House 191
Leonard Mackall's Home 195
Rev. James McVean 199
David Whann's Backgammon Table 203
Whann China and Glass 207
St. John's Church, Georgetown 213
Rev. Walter Addison, D.D. 217
Portion of Room Showing the Portrait of Louis Mackall 225
Portion of Room Showing Portrait of Mrs. Louis Mackall 231
Paymaster Whann's Home 237
The Bowie Home, Georgetown Heights 241

Page.
Chesapeake and Ohio Canal 247
Mrs. Charlotte Grahame Patterson, née Nicols . . 251
Madame Jerome Bonaparte 255
Jerome Bonaparte 259
The Worthington Home 267
Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's Cottage 271
Old Jefferson House 275
The White House as it Appears To-day 279
The Capitol 287
Mrs. Fannie Finch 293
Miss Lydia S. English 299
Miss English's Seminary 303
"Cedar Hill" 307
Baron Bodisco's Home 313
Madame Bodisco 317
Brooke Williams' Home 321
A Tree Grown From a Seed of Lemon Used at
Madame Bodisco's Wedding 325

EARLY DAYS OF WASHINGTON

CHAPTER I.

In these days, when we are interested in old times and old things, let us go back a hundred years and unravel the golden thread that binds and holds in poetic indistinctness all that our people were doing in days long ago. Very few are left to tell the tale, and few of the old colonial places remain. Our generation reverences not the old land-marks, and they are rapidly disappearing. The old Semmes Tavern on High Street, Georgetown, where General Washington spent many hours, was destroyed about one year ago.

It is interesting that Georgetown should at last be incorporated in the seat of Government, for when Congress was trying to decide upon a place for the National Capital the old town stood a fair chance of being chosen; but the members could not agree, and there was so much contention at the meeting that the decision was left to President Wash-

ington. The proclamation fixing the permanent seat of Government of the United States was, however, issued in Georgetown, the conclusion of which read :

> In testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed by these present and sign the same with my hand. Done at Georgetown aforesaid the 30th day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1791, in the Independence of the United States the fifteenth.
>
> By the President,
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON.
>
> THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The historical old town lies on the side of a hill, sloping gradually downward to where the beautiful Potomac winds along, its shining waters reaching as far as the eye can see. Opposite the town picturesque Analostan Island appears, covered with delicate green foliage, formerly the home of John Mason, son of Colonel George Mason, who was the first of the Mason family in this country, a member of the English Parliament in the reign of Charles I. He opposed the King and made his escape to Stafford County, Virginia, losing all his possessions in England. The renowned James Murray Mason,

who drafted the fugitive slave law of 1850, and was afterward appointed commissioner to England and France, and who was captured on the British mail steamer *Trent* with his colleague, John Slidell, by Captain Wilkes, was born on Analostan Island. His wife was Eliza Margaretta Chew. Only a small portion of the walls of the old building remain. These are entirely overgrown with vines, the building having long since been destroyed by fire. In the church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon are memorial tablets to this branch of the Mason family.

Beyond the island rise the stately hills of Virginia and the slopes of the Arlington estate, now our National Cemetery. These grounds are part of a grant made in 1669 by Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, to Robert Howson, and named in honor of the Earl of Arlington. The property then passed to Columbus Alexander's family, who still hold a large tract of the original land. The City of Alexandria, so named for this family, was first known as Beall Haven, "Nature suggesting the title, and doubtless smiled more sweetly than ever before when the orig-

inal founder adopted it. And a beautiful haven it is, a broad, smooth water, and well protected by hills on every side "from the fierce winds that blow."

Arlington then passed into the hands of John Park Custis, the son of Martha Dandridge (who was afterward the wife of George Washington). The estate at his death went to his son, George Washington Park Custis, whose daughter, Eliza, married Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army, June 30, 1831. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Mead, afterward Bishop of Virginia, and took place in the drawing-room of the old mansion, where, in later days, visitors were requested to register their names. Mrs. Robert E. Lee inherited the property from her father, and thus, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, Arlington was the home of the great chieftain of the Confederacy.

In the southeast corner of the Cemetery, towards Alexandria, where several hundred Confederate dead are buried, are two simple tablets marking the graves of George Washington Park Custis and of Mary Lee Custis, his wife, erected by their daughter, Mrs.

Robert E. Lee. They have no inscription except the names, dates, and the words: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." As we drive through the beautiful grounds one wishes the stately old oaks could speak and tell of all that has gone before, for Arlington remains one of the most beautiful spots on which the sun ever shone. The house, with its majestic columns, stands on the brow of the hill, the grassy lawn sloping three hundred feet to the Potomac, giving from the portico an exceptionally fine view of the City of Washington.

Near the foot of the wooded slope, and not far from the banks of the river, is a crystal spring, the great delight in bygone days of picnic parties from Georgetown, Washington and Alexandria during the warm season. This fountain of Nature gushes from the roots of a large oak which doubtless stood there when the red man, years ago, came thither to slake his thirst. Around the spring is a beautiful grassy lawn shaded by a variety of trees and affording a pleasant summer resort. Actuated by generous hospitality, Mr. Custis erected structures for the accommodation of

visitors at Arlington Spring. A wharf was built for convenient landing, a store-room and kitchen, a dining hall sixty feet long, and a saloon of the same dimensions for dancing, and all that was asked in return was the observance of these rules: "No alcoholic liquors to be sold on the premises and no visitors allowed on the Sabbath." A little boat, called the *G. W. P. Custis*, ran between the neighboring cities and Arlington Spring during the warm season, and almost every day parties of from fifty to two hundred were seen there.

The winter of eighteen hundred, following the invasion of Washington by the British, was so severe that loaded wagons could pass backward and forward across the ice of the frozen Potomac with perfect safety. To mitigate the sad want of fuel in those days, Mr. Custis permitted families needing wood for home use to cut and remove what they needed from Arlington forest free of charge.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE FROM THE RIVER

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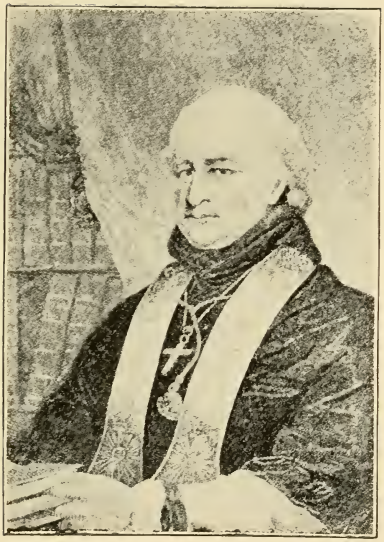
CHAPTER II.

FEW places have the natural beauty of our city. One may ride for miles along the banks of the Potomac, through the most attractive scenery. The Virginia shore rises high on the opposite side, its rocky banks covered with varied foliage, which in the fall is simply gorgeous. To the west, Georgetown College raises its tall spires heavenward. This institution ranks among the first in the country and has sent from its halls many leading men. The College was opened in 1789. Its founder, John Carroll, was made bishop of the Roman Catholic Church and consecrated in the chapel at Lulworth Castle (the home of the Weld family) in England, by Right Rev. Charles Walmsely, Vicar Apostolic of the London District. After his consecration the Bishop returned immediately to this country. In recent days handsome new buildings have been added to the college.

The observatory of Georgetown College is one of the oldest in this country, and was founded by Rev. Father James Curley in 1842–1843. It is almost coeval with the Naval Observatory of Washington, but the oldest in the country is that of Williams College, Massachusetts, which preceded the one in Georgetown by seven years.

The view from the college tower is most beautiful, far surpassing the view from the Capitol Library. This is the view which made one of Georgetown's poet-students sing :

> "Beautiful river, bold and free,
> Thy waters glide, how gracefully.
> Queen 'midst waters, 'tis to thee,
> I give the crown of sovereignty."



REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.
(Archbishop of Baltimore and Founder of Georgetown College)

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LULWORTH CASTLE

The home of the Weld family in England (where Archbishop Carroll was consecrated)

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CHAPTER III.

THE Convent of the Visitation, the mother house of that order in this country, and the widely known Academy for young ladies adjoins the College grounds. This Convent, the next oldest in the United States, was begun in 1793, though not actually established until 1789. It was built upon part of John Threlkeld's land, and some of those old frame stables are still standing. Mr. Threlkeld's daughter Jane married John Cox, who was mayor of the town in 1822; at the time of her marriage she was presented with part of the old estate, upon which a handsome house was erected, known as "The Cedars" This place is now the property of Mr. George Earle, Sr. Mr. Cox was celebrated for his neatness; he would saunter down town in silk stockings and pumps, not getting a spot upon himself, while other men would be up to their ankles in mud, for in those days there were no pavements.

Adjoining "The Cedars" is the old family burying ground, where Mrs. Threlkeld's sister Mrs. Brooke Beall's remains lie; there is no stone to mark the spot. One of Mrs. Beall's granddaughters frequently took me, when a little child, to the burying ground as a great treat, and while she meditated on the departed grandmother, my sister and I enjoyed a little picnic. Mrs. Threlkeld and Mrs. Beall were daughters of Richard Johns, the third descendant of Sir Arthur Johns of Bristol, England. Richard John's wife was Margaret Crabb, a daughter of General Crabb of Revolutionary fame. One of the family, Judge Walter Cox, of Washington (who married Margaret Dunlop, daughter of Judge Dunlop) is the son of Clement Cox, a prominent lawyer of the town.

Richard Cox, the uncle of Walter, married Missie Williams, a granddaughter of Mrs. Brooke Beall, and sister of the beautiful Madame Bodisco. Mr. Cox built a handsome home on the Threlkeld site, known as "Berleith," adjoining "The Cedars." Their conjugal felicity was of short duration, for his wife lived but one year. The property is now

THE CONVENT
AND ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION, GEORGETOWN

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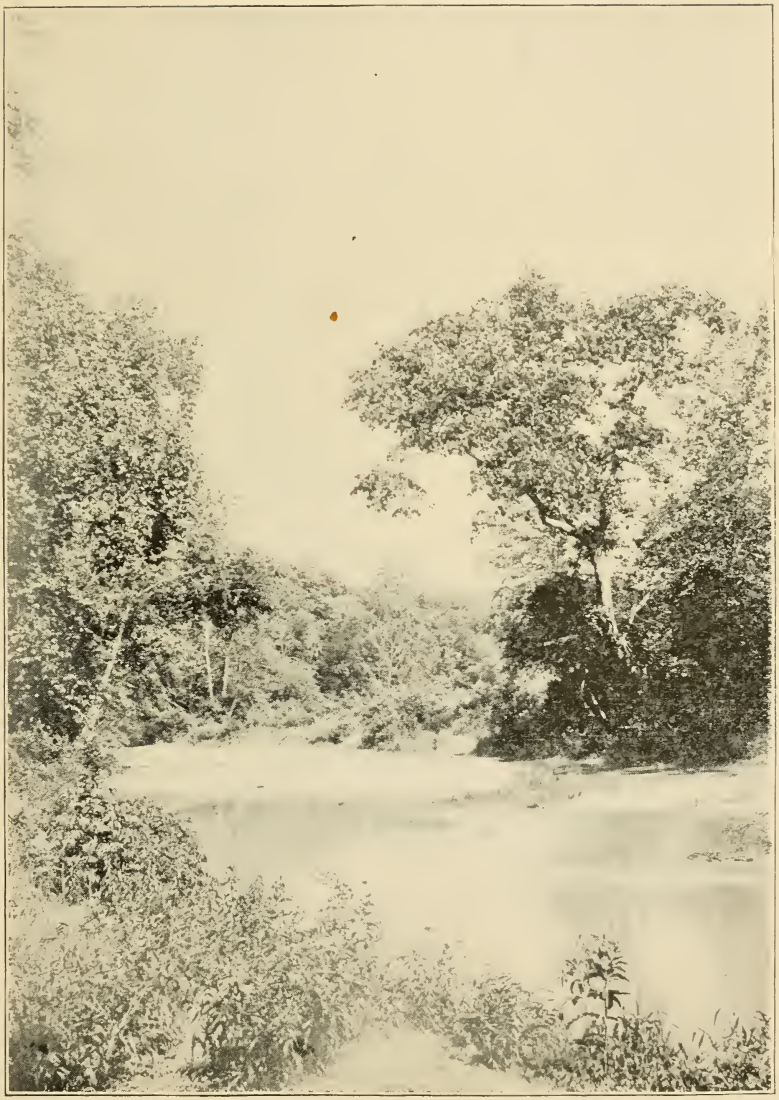
owned by the Sisters of Mercy. Mr. Cox then married Miss Berkeley, of Virginia, a descendant of Sir William Berkeley, as his second wife.

Few cities of the United States can boast as many stately old places as crown the Heights of Georgetown, their lovely green lawns and box-clad slopes dotted with magnificent oaks centuries old. To the east of the town Rock Creek flows quietly and picturesquely, the winding road along its bank bringing to sight endless views of charming scenery. In early days the inhabitants forded this stream; now it is crossed by three bridges. Rock Creek is gradually being filled in, and there is talk of arching the whole.

Very many of Washington's leading society people are descendants of old Georgetonians, who in turn trace their descent from Virginians and Marylanders.

CHAPTER IV.

THE town originally consisted of sixty acres of land, parts of tracts owned by George Beall and George Gordon. In the year 1751 the Maryland Legislature authorized Henry Wright Crabb, John Needham, John Claggett, James Perry, and David Lynn, commissioners, to lay out a town on the Potomac River, above the mouth of Rock Creek in Frederick County, Maryland. The commissioners met on September the eighteenth, 1751, and elected Alexander Beall clerk and surveyor, and Josiah Beall coroner. Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beall, having refused to sell the tract selected by the commissioners, it was condemned and appraised at two hundred and eighty pounds currency, which was offered to Messrs. Beall and Gordon, with the privilege of selecting two lots. Mr. Gordon chose lots 48 and 52, but Mr. Beall was very indignant and refused to recognize in any way the pro-



ROCK CREEK

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ceedings of the commissioners, whereupon he was notified that unless he made his selection within ten days, he could only blame himself. After a week's reflection, Mr. Beall wrote the following letter :

> If I must part with my property by force, I had better save a little than be totally demolished ; rather than have none, I accept of them lots said to be Mr. Henderson's and Mr. Edmonston's. But I do hereby protest and declare that my acceptance of said lots, which is by force, shall not debar me from future redress from the commissioners or others, if I can have the rights of a British subject. I ask no more. God save King George.
>
> GEORGE BEALL.
>
> March 7th, 1752.

The lots chosen by Captain Beall were No. 72, fronting 67 feet on Water Street, by 399 feet on High Street, and No. 79, fronting on the river. The names of the jury who condemned the land were William Pritchett, Ninian Magruder, Nicholas Baker, James Beall, Nathaniel Magruder, Charles Claggett, James Holman, Charles Jones, Thomas Claggett, Zachariah Magruder, James Wallace, Basil Beall, William Williams, Alexander Magruder, William Wallace, and John Ma-

gruder, son of Alexander. The town was laid off into eighty lots. The commissioners named the lots and streets. The original land patent, issued by Henry Darnell, keeper of the great seals of the State of Maryland, November 18, 1703, to Col. Ninian Beall, for seven hundred and five acres, called the Rock of Dumbarton (Georgetown now covers part of that tract), has recently been examined and authenticated copies made for reference. The paper states that five hundred acres were due to Beall, under a warrant of the 19th of May, 1703. Several additions were afterwards made to the town. First, Beall's addition, containing sixty-one acres, by the act of Assembly passed during the November session, 1783, and recorded at Rockville, Md.; Peter Beatty, Threlkeld and Deakin's addition, added during November session, 1785, containing twenty acres and divided into sixty-five lots, and recorded in the District of Columbia; Beall's second addition, supposed to be recorded in Rockville, Md. Georgetown was incorporated December 25, 1789, and Robert Peter, Esq., appointed Mayor. "John Mackall Gantt, recorder, and Brooke Beall,

Bernard O'Neale, Thomas Beale, of George, James Macubbin Linghan, John Threlkeld and John Peter, Esquires, are hereby appointed aldermen of the said town, so long as they shall well behave themselves therein." On the first Monday in January, 1792, Thomas Beall, Mayor, Uriah Forrest, alderman, Robert Peter, and Charles Worthington, common councilmen, were present. Thomas Beall was appointed president, and Uriah Forrest elected Mayor, in the place of Thomas Beall, whose term was expiring. Robert Peter and Charles Worthington were elected aldermen to fill vacancies, and the latter immediately qualified as such by taking the oath required by law for justices of the peace.

The first council meeting following these records are those of the corporation, the first entry being as follows :

1791, The State of Maryland, George Town, to wit: At a meeting of the corporation of George Town aforesaid, at Joseph Semmes Tavern, on Monday the twenty-eight day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one—Present, Thomas Beall, Mayor, Uriah Forrest and Daniel Reintzell, aldermen, and Valentine Reintzell, Jr., Thomas Corcoran, Charles Beatty, and James Claggett, common councilmen. During

the meeting John Threlkeld, alderman, and William Deakins, Jr., councilman, appeared and took their seats. On the following day Robert Peter and Charles Magruder were fined three shillings and nine pence each for non-attendance in due time. Thomas Beall, of Georgetown, was appointed President, John Mountz, Jr., clerk, in the place of Thomas Turner, who hath resigned. Bills entitled ordinances to prevent running at large of geese and swine, within the town, and directing the Mayor's Court to appoint a wood corder and measurer were passed. After recess of half an hour John Threlkeld, alderman, and William Deakins, Jr., common councilman, appeared. An ordinance was then passed providing for the appointment of a "plank measurer." The limits of the Town were extended so as to include "*Pretty Prospect*" the site of the Poor House, a part of the land known as the Rock of Dumbarton.

In 1776 the fashionable part of the town was below Bridge Street; there beauty and wit reigned, the upper part of the town being woods. During President Jefferson's time Sir Augustus Foster, the British Minister, writes there is no lack of handsome ladies for the balls in Georgetown, and asserts he never saw prettier girls anywhere. Cherry Alley, with its narrow, winding streets, was the court end of the town. The quaint two-story houses were built of brick brought from England, and had sloping roofs and queer shaped gables, with

rows of dormer windows, where the housekeeper delighted in sunning her preserves and pickles, of which the boys in the neighborhood univited would enjoy a sample every now and then. Many a taste did Francis Scott Key have of those same preserves. In Cherry Alley lived the Whanns, Peters, Keys, Masons, Smiths, Foxalls, Bronaughs, Balchs, Bealls, Forrests, Mr. Scotch Thompson, and many others. A number of these houses are still in wonderful preservation. In the early history of our country there were no machines for making brick, and the work had to be done by hand, which of necessity made them very expensive; consequently it was much cheaper for our merchants sending vessels abroad to bring in return ballast brick.

CHAPTER V.

In 1783 there were no public burying grounds. Prominent families had private ones adjoining their homes. Ninian Beall's lot was on Gay Street. In recent years this spot has been built upon, and when the foundations were being dug quantities of bones were taken up, and hair yards long. When the body of Ninian Beall was removed his skeleton was found in perfect preservation, and measured six feet seven inches, and his hair, which was very red, had retained its natural color. His old mahogany desk, inlaid with satin wood, was consigned to the garret for many years. Finally, in a division of the property, it was appraised for fifty cents and bought by Mr. McKaig, of Cumberland, a descendant of Ninian's. In one of the compartments is a paper, telling to whom it originally belonged, each person into whose pos-

~~NINIAN~~ BEALL

Uncle of George

MRS. NINIAN BEALL

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session it fell having added something to its history.

The Beall family came originally from Prince George's County, Maryland, where they were very influential and wealthy, owning thousands of acres of land, large tracts of which are still in possession of their descendants. Samuel Beall settled in Frederick and married Elinor Brooke, daughter of Thomas Brooke, and great granddaughter of Governor Robert Brooke, of De la Brooke, who came to Maryland in 1650, in his own vessel, accompanied by his wife, ten children, and about forty servants. They landed in Calvert, upon the shore of the Patuxent, twenty miles up the river, on the 29th of June. In the old church at Whit-church, England, you will find the tomb of Thomas Brooke and his wife, Susan Foster, daughter of Sir Thomas Foster of Northumberland. The name Whit-church orginated from the great quantities of white stone found in the neighborhood, and used in the construction of the churches. Samuel Beall was one of the members of the Maryland convention who ordered the signing of the Declaration of Independence; one of his

Majesty's justices of the peace, and is to-day spoken of as one of the "Immortal Twelve," because he took such an active part in repudiating the Stamp Act, not only giving life and property for his country's cause, but sending more sons to the war than any known man.

His oldest son, Brooke Beall, one of the executors of his father's will, was an extensive importing merchant of Georgetown, and also Clerk of Montgomery Court. He resided at Beallmont, their country seat, now owned by his granddaughter. Mrs. Brooke Beall was highly gifted in face and form, of a lovable disposition, cultivated and attractive. Their home was the meeting place of the gallant and the brave. General Washington was a frequent visitor, and enjoyed sitting on the broad veranda on moon-light nights, near by the old-time jessamine, listening to Mrs. Beall's charming guitar. In the distance the splash of the boatman's oar and the silver sheen on the moon-lit waters formed a scene of loveliness ever to be remembered.

The Beall estate extended along Rock Creek for miles, amid scenes of enchanting

OLD BEALL CHAIR

(Used in Court House in Rockville, Md., before the City of Washington was settled)

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peace and quietude, broken now and then by the voice of the wood-robin, and the sparkling water of the creek, as it rushes over its rocky bed, the air redolent with wild grape and sweet-smelling honey-suckle. The new Park of Washington is a part of this property. A considerable portion was bought by Mr. Pierce, more than a hundred years ago, from Leonard Mackall, whose wife was Catherine Beall. The old Pierce Mill is still standing, and riding along, one can see the old cap-stone marked 1001, I. P. This place is still one of the most romantic spots in the country, and in former days noted grounds for picnic parties. It was at one of those entertainments that Captain William Brooke Johns (son of Leonard Hollyday Johns and a near relative of Bishop Johns of Virginia) first saw the beautiful Leonora de la Roche, the daughter of Baron Franck de la Roche, who laid out the grounds of Oak Hill Cemetery, which stands today a monument of his exquisite taste. Miss de la Roche's grandfather was aide to Lafayette. It was a case of love at first sight with the young people, but the Captain, being a gentleman of the old school,

did not think it proper to be presented to a lady at a picnic, so watched Miss de la Roche from a distance all day; the next afternoon he went to call, and frequent meetings terminated in a brilliant wedding. The Captain was a graduate of West Point, and all the attendants were in full-dress uniform. Captain Johns served in the United States Army until the beginning of the Civil War, when he retired rather than fight against those whom he loved, many of his relatives being on the opposite side. Captain Johns was born on the Heights of Georgetown in the house now owned by Mr. George W. Cissel. The entire double square originally belonged to his grandmother, Mrs. Brooke Williams, Sr., who gave to each of her daughters at marriage a double square of ground. Captain Johns had a wonderful talent for carving, and the family have an excellent medallion, sculptured by him in stone, of General Grant, who ever remained a true friend, notwithstanding the difference in political sentiment.

The Captain was also the inventor of a tent used by the Northern Army during the Civil War and for which he never received a cent.

MRS. GEORGE C. WASHINGTON

(From a painting by her daughter Eleanor Ann)

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The grounds of Oak Hill Cemetery originally belonged to Eliza Beall Washington, wife of George C. Washington, a grandnephew of the immortal George, and who, in appearance, resembled his uncle greatly. Mrs. Washington lived on the south side of Road Street in the house now owned by Columbus Alexander's family. The great philanthropist, William W. Corcoran, bought fifteen additional acres of this land, known as the Rock of Dumbarton, for three thousand dollars, which he presented to the town as a burying ground. His contributions to Oak Hill at different times amounted to twenty thousand dollars. The place has been greatly enlarged and is now one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the country.

George C. Washington's daughter, Eleanor Ann, was the first to be laid to rest in this spot. She lies where, during her life, she was wont to sketch. Her miniatures of her mother, and of Ninian Beall and his wife, are now in possession of Mr. Thomas Harrison.

Mr. George C. Washington married for his second wife, Ann Thomas Beall Peter, a relative of his first wife, and of whom she

had been very fond. Ann Peter had been a frequent visitor at their home, and as a little child had often slept at the foot of their bed. The last Mrs. Washington proved a wonderful manager, and possessed the art of making a little go a long way. Her husband held a Government position and drove a pair of high-stepping black horses. When official friends came unexpectedly to tea, something dainty would always be contrived. Little chickens on toast deceived the guests into thinking they were eating partridges out of season; and many times raspberries would be gathered by moonlight for their delectation.

Mr. Corcoran's nephew-in-law (Charles M. Matthews, a prominent lawyer) had charge of his vast estate, and managed not only Oak Hill, but the Louise Home, that noble charity, and the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Upton Beall, son of Brooke Beall, a prominent lawyer of Rockville, Maryland, and grandson of Samuel, was an intimate friend of President Adams. They often visited Bedford and Berkeley Springs together. On one occasion, when he drove to the springs with Mr. Hellen, President Adams' nephew,

UPTON BEALL

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the servants very naturally were curious to know who the arrivals were, and asked old Uncle Borb, the coachman, if that was Lafayette's carriage. He answered, "Why, no; it is my master's, Upton Beall's." Yet Marquis de Lafayette, while on his way through the country, with General Washington, had driven to Rockville in that same carriage with Uncle Borb as coachman. The people did not wish him to enter town in a public conveyance, so the carriage was sent up the Frederick Road to meet him, and his entrance into Rockville resembled a triumphal procession. That evening he was given a grand public reception, at which Margaret Johns Beall, now living, was present with her mother, Mrs. Beall, whose maiden name was Jane Robb. Upton Beall's first wife was Matilda Bowen Lee Price. The following is a letter written the 16th of November, 1795, by Rob. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and addressed to Upton Beall in Georgetown:

BEARGRASS, *16th Novr., 1795.*

SIR: Yours of the 30th Septr. last, accompanied with a number of grants for land, reached me two days ago. No list of them having been forwarded it cannot be ascer-

tained whether they are all safe. It seems they passed through sundry hands before I received them.

Your father & yourself are named, among others, Exor's of the late Mr. S. Bealls last will & testament: and the same two persons, to wit, Brooke Beall & Upton Beall, together with Chas. Worthington are appointed to the care & management of the lands of that Estate in Kentucky. The act of guardianship and that of the disposition of lands as Exor's appears, by the Will, to be vested in these three Gent: — As Guardians no Security is required; but it seems to me that the usual steps taken in Courts by Exor's to enable them to take charge of an Estate, ought to be observed by you before the trust becomes properly Reposed or Vested. Of this however you will judge and determine accordingly. Certain it is that should my authority be called in question, as the agent of Mr. S. Bealls representatives, the credentials would be found very defective.

I am Sir your

Hble. Sert.

RO. BRECKINRIDGE

MR. UPTON BEALL

CHAPTER VI.

In 1776 the Georgetown Post-Office was under the management of Benjamin Franklin. At this date there were only seventy-five post-offices in the United States. Postage was rated according to the number of miles, an ordinary letter costing as high as thirty-five cents, and took days to reach its destination, for the postman traveled on horseback, stopping for refreshment at wayside inns.

The Fourth of July, 1828, was a day of great rejoicing in the old town, many investing largely in Chesapeake and Ohio Canal stock, thinking their fortunes were made, but their "great expectations" came to naught, for the stock proved utterly worthless. It was on that day that President John Q. Adams took the first spade of dirt from the water bed, surrounded by men of distinction and a vast assembly of people. When he attempted to break the ground he came in con-

tact with a root, the second time he tried without success; at last, in desperation, he took off his coat and went to work in earnest, his exertions causing great merriment.

In early days there were no churches in Georgetown proper, it being part of Rock Creek Parish, and the inhabitants thought nothing of driving six miles through snow and rain to attend services at St. Paul's, Rock Creek, the oldest church in the District.

The site of the new Methodist University was the old home of Judge Joseph Davis, whose grandmother was Priscilla Johns, the wife of Mr. Perry of Montgomery County, Maryland. The Judge is a courtly old gentleman and, although well advanced in years, is still a great beau.

When General Robert E. Lee last visited Washington City he stayed at "Tudor Place," the property of Thomas Peter. This beautiful house was designed by Dr. William Thornton about the year 1810, and was inherited by Mrs. Britannia Kennon, the step-granddaughter of General George Washington. Mrs. Kennon is the widow of Commodore Beverley Kennon, who lost his

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life on the vessel *Princeton* the 1st of March, 1844.

Just opposite Oak Hill Cemetery, David Peter, whose wife was Harriet Ann Beall, owned a double square. This property changed hands frequently. For a time it belonged to Colonel Carter, of Barbadoes, who married Eleanor Marbury, daughter of John Marbury, Sr. Their daughter, Ann Carter, became the wife of Mr. O'Neil, of Barbadoes. The English envoy, Mr. John F. Crampton, lived there at one time. The house was entirely destroyed by fire in 1864, while the residence of Count de Sartiges. Many years after the land was owned by Governor H. D. Cook.

BURNING OF POWDER SHIP ON MAY 2, 1791.

The people witnessed a novel spectacle. The ship *Termagent*, belonging to the house of Messrs. Clagett, which was anchored in the stream off the town, was discovered to be on fire. The inhabitants and seamen quickly collected in the harbor, but were deterred from extinguishing the flames by the knowledge that the cargo consisted in large part of gun powder. As the flames progressed and reached the powder a terrific explosion took place which shook all the houses in the town. Cinders and pieces of the ship flew in every direction, and

the tobacco warehouse of Francis and Charles Lounds, some distance from the water, was saved with great difficulty.

In June, 1800, the public offices were transferred from Philadelphia to their permanent home, the City of Washington, and opened with prayer by the Right Rev. John Thomas Claggett, on the 15th of the same month. Bishop Claggett was first chaplain of the United States Congress in Washington. His predecessor as chaplain from the days of the Continental Congress having been Bishop Provoost, of New York. Before 1800, the Continental Congress and the Government of the Republic were compelled to move from place to place.

At the transfer the valuable old Government books were loaded on four-horse wagons, and brought from Philadelphia, Benjamin Mackall being one of those in charge. Many of these works are in wonderful preservation, and are valuable books of reference in matters relating to Revolutionary times, for they contain the names of many prominent at that date.

The Treasury Department was established

September 2, 1789. Alexander Hamilton, of New York, was Secretary; Nicholas Eveleigh, of South Carolina, First Comptroller; Oliver Walcott, Jr., of Connecticut, First Auditor; Samuel Meredith, of Pennsylvania, Treasurer, and Joseph Nourse, of Virginia, Register, who held the office from 1789 to 1829. He was born in London, England. He served as Auditor-General during the American Revolution.

President John Adams arrived in Alexandria on a visit to Mount Vernon about the 10th of June, 1800. He sent his message to the First Congress assembled, in the City of Washington, on the 22d of November of the same year.

CHAPTER VII.

In 1776 the great struggle began, and men were called to free their country from foreign oppression ; they thought not of life, home, or comfort, but gave their all. At this day we glow with admiration for them and for their noble-hearted wives left unprotected in those troublesome times, to carry on the home as best they could. Nor were these women known to complain or grow weary-hearted, but they did their part, and when the busy day was hushed would gather at even-tide with troubled and anxious faces before the great hearth-stone, which alone was bright and cheery, its great burning logs casting their shadows far and wide, while the old spinning wheel, with its snowy flax, went round and round, and told the little ones of their fathers sleeping on the cold frozen ground at Valley Forge.

The Maffitt and Whann families were

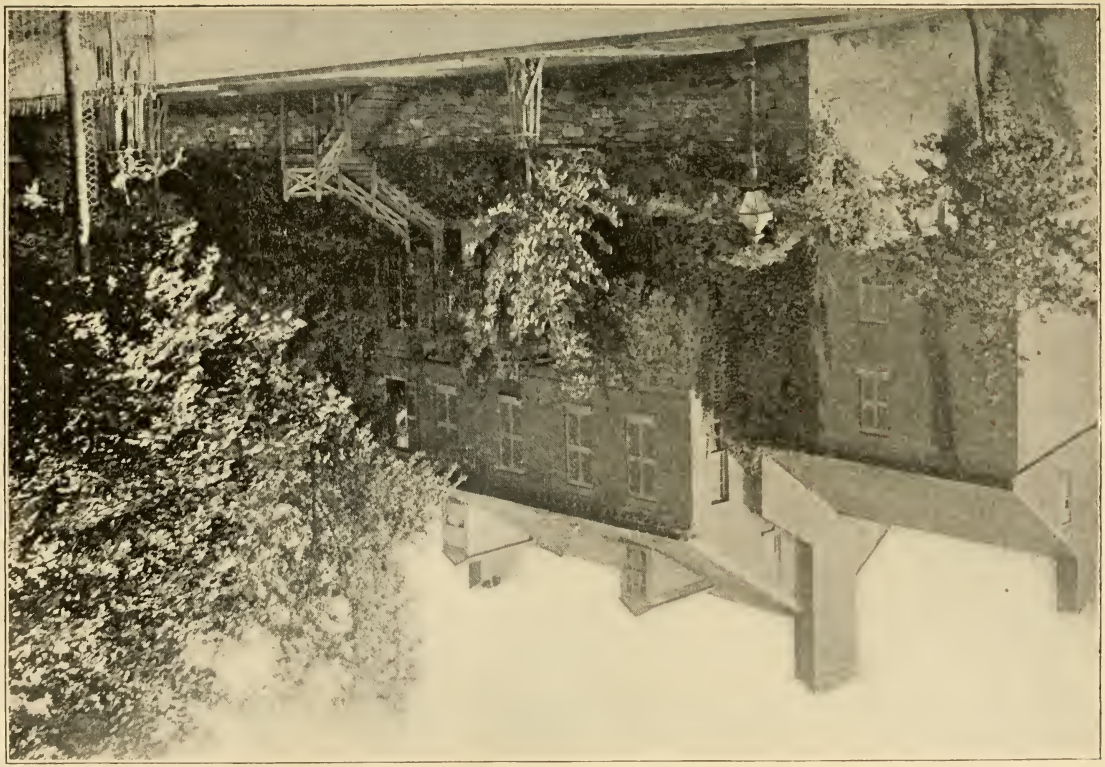
among the founders of the old Presbyterian church in Georgetown, and were active members for many years. William Whann was a trustee until the time of his death. He was a noble, gifted man; the following is a tribute to his memory: "Perfection is not given to mortals, but if there ever was a truly good man, the deceased was one. He was indeed the good citizen, the kind parent, the true friend, the sincere Christian." Hoping to find restoration of health in the quiet of country life, he resigned the position as cashier of the Bank of Columbia, which he had held for more than twenty years, and went to his immediate relatives; but it was of no avail.

> "Then reader, forgive this friendly zeal to save
> Virtues like his from an oblivious grave.
> I seek not his pure monument to raise
> On the weak basis of a mortal's praise,
> Nor yet to give, with still a vainer aim,
> His modest merit to the voice of fame;
> No—let his virtues in our bosoms rest,
> To life's last hour indelibly impressed."

James Parton, in his "Life of Andrew Jackson," writes in substance: During the War of 1812, when Jackson was ready to move his

army to New Orleans, the Government was out of funds, and without credit. The Secretary of State, Mr. Monroe, got on his horse, rode to the Bank of Columbia, in Georgetown, asked to see the Cashier, William Whann, and said to him: "Mr. Whann, the Government is absolutely without funds—you know me, and I pledge you my personal fortune, and my honor, that if your Bank will loan the money, it shall be repaid." He obtained the money, and thus Jackson was enabled to move his army to New Orleans.

Both the Whann and Maffitt families came from Cecil County, Maryland. Samuel Maffitt was a justice of peace, and owned eight thousand acres of land. Everything the family consumed was made on his own place. He ran a turning mill, grist mill, a wool factory, and blacksmith shop, all manned by his own servants. Some of the furniture and linen made at the old homestead is still in existence. At the time of the American Revolution his wife gave to the suffering army an apron full of gold pieces. Through memory's window, dear old grandmother Margaret Maffitt Whann appears, the most



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attractive old lady I ever saw, her bright brown eyes crowned by a snowy soft turban, scarcely whiter than her glossy white hair, her dress always the same style; around her neck a broad muslin collar, with quaint gown, and cap of black silk. During the civil war, when eighty years of age, she scraped lint for the wounded soldiers from linen sheets woven on her father's place, which she, as a child, had helped to spin. Adam Whann's old homestead was called "White Hall." His son, William Whann, was one of the first graduates of Princeton College. There are now handsome portraits of himself, wife and daughter by Peale, at their old home in Cecil County, Maryland, where he died.

William Whann's only child, a daughter, Anna Maria, married Benjamin Mackall (the father of General William W. Mackall, of the Southern Confederacy). Her wedding gown is still in the possession of the family, and is beautifully made according to the fashion of the day, of rich white satin, with little narrow skirt and baby waist, and around the bottom a deep gold lace, which to-day is as bright as when first made. Her father's wedding gift

was a handsome house on the corner of Prospect and Frederick streets, in Georgetown. Mr. Martineau, the minister from the Netherlands, afterward lived there.

General William Mackall was a graduate of West Point in the same class with General Grant. General Mackall served with distinction through the Mexican War, and was rewarded for his gallantry at Monterey, Contreras and Churubusco, and received a wound at Chapultepec, from which he never fully recovered. Later he served in the Civil War as Adjutant General to General Simon Buckner and was subsequently made a Brigadier General. He was a member of the old Aztec Club, to which, shortly after the close of the Civil War, President Grant gave a reception at the White House. General Mackall wore his gray uniform, and was most cordially received by his old comrades, who held him in high esteem, many of them having ridden twelve miles and more over the old Virginia roads to recall pleasant remembrances of the days spent in Mexico.

The descendants of William Whann have in their possession his gold-headed cane, made

CANE OF WILLIAM WHANN

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PAYMASTER DAVID WHANN

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from a piece of the first vessel that went around the world, called *The Endeavor*, commanded by Captain James Cook. Margaret Maffitt drove from Cecil County, Maryland, to Georgetown to visit her eldest sister, Mrs. William Whann, when she fell in love with and married Mr. Whann's brother David on the sixteenth of November, 1807. He was purser in the United States Navy on the vessel *Essex* in 1804. The young couple lived on Bridge Street until 1813. The house still stands in good preservation, and is now used as a restaurant. Paymaster Whann brought home from his travels abroad costly jewels and many beautiful things, which are highly prized by the family; among the number there is nearly a complete tea service of rare old English Spode ware; also a rosewood Chippendale backgammon table, chess-board and card table combined. There are about two hundred mother-of-pearl counters of different designs, most exquisitely carved, and the checker men are of ivory. Around this board have gathered many distinguished players. Paymaster Whann lost his life in 1813, by sunstroke, while reviewing his men

on the parade ground. His widow never received any compensation from the Government, and was left with two little children, a son and daughter. She then moved to West Street, where they lived until her daughter Jane grew up and married Rev. James McVean, May 2, 1826. The following account of Paymaster Whann's death and funeral is taken from the *Spirit of Seventy-six*, a paper published in Georgetown, May 25, 1813:

OBITUARY—DIED.

On Saturday last Captain David Whann, a much-beloved and respected citizen of this place. His wife and children will have reason long to deplore his loss, and his relations and friends, to love his memory. On yesterday evening, at the hour of 4 o'clock the citizens of this place in a countless multitude gave testimony of his worth and good estimation. His funeral afforded one of the strongest invitations to a harmless and virtuous life. All ranks crowded to his grave to evince their respect for him while living, and to bid a last solemn valedictory to his remains.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Capt. Smith's Volunteer Company,
with arms reversed.
Rev. Clergy and Physicians.
Pall bearers. Pall bearers.
Mourners and Relatives.

Thomas Jefferson,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all who shall see these Presents, GREETING:

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valour, fidelity and abilities [illegible] I do by these presents appoint him the said [illegible] of the Militia of the District of Columbia: He is therefore carefully and diligen[illegible] to discharge the duty of [illegible] in leading, ordering and exercising the Militia of said District and performing all the duties appertaining to his office as [illegible] And he is to observe and follow all su[illegible] orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from the President of the United States of America for t[illegible] time being, or other superior officers set over him, according to the laws for regulating and disciplining the Militia of s[illegible] District. And I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under his command, to be obedient to his ord[illegible] This commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

GIVEN under my hand at the City of Washington, this [illegible] day of [illegible] in year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and [illegible] and in the twenty [illegible] year of Independence of the said States.

By the President of the United States of America,

[illegible]

[illegible]

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING;

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of David Wharin, [illegible] these presents appoint him, the said David Wharin a Captain of [illegible] in the 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade of the Militia of the District of Columbia: He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Captain, in leading, ordering and exercising the Militia of said District, and in performing all the duties appertaining to his office as Captain. And he is to observe and follow all such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from the President of the United States of America, for the time being, or other superior officers set over him, according to the laws for regulating and disciplining the Militia of said District. And I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under his command, to be obedient to his orders. This commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, this Sixth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand [illegible] hundred and Sixteen, and in the thirty seventh year of the Independence of the United States.

James Madison

By the President of the United States of America.

[illegible]

Secretary of War.

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Capt. Davidson's Light Infantry.
Capt. Stull's Riflemen, and the Artillery,
with arms reversed.
The whole command by Major George Peter.
Officers of the Militia of the D. C. Citizens on foot, two and two. Citizens in carriages and on horseback.

On arriving at the place of interment the Rev. Clergy commenced in the religious solemnities of exhortation and prayer, and the whole concluded by an observance of the usual martial ceremony of firing over the grave of the deceased officer, and brother soldier.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAMUEL MAFFITT WHANN, the son of David, was born the 10th of August, 1808. He graduated from Jefferson College. The following oration was delivered by him in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia, on the 4th of July, 1831:

Fellow citizens, we have gathered not amid gilded temples and magnificent arches, to do homage to a conqueror. No royal captives or glittering spoils grace the scene; but we have met in republican simplicity to celebrate a nation's birth. 'T is a day when the soul spurns the sordid interests of the world and every bosom proudly swells with high-toned feelings of patriotism. "'T is the Sabbath day of Freedom." With grateful hearts to bring recollections of the past to view, and admire the present are the natural duties of the day. The story of our country has been so often told, the picture of her suffering so often touched by masterhands that we are almost constrained to pass it by. But we can not. It must not be forgotten. Repetition can not cloud its interest.

The History of our country is not enveloped in the mysteries of the fable. No wandering Pelasgi or Organautic bands searching for the golden fleece, settled upon her

shores. But the way-worn exile, whose spirit scorned oppression sought these distant lands of the "last discovered world." They left the homes of their youth. The tombs where their fathers slept and braving the storms of an unknown ocean, sought peace and freedom in the wild. Here they found a spot where tyrants never trod, where freedom dwelt in all the wildness of nature. Where they could pour forth all their souls to Him they worship according to the dictates of conscience. With spirits rendered firmer by oppression and energies unbroken by peril, they struggled with famine and disease.

The Indian yelled his defiant war-whoop, but undaunted they went forward. The savage retired to the distance, and the solitary place was glad. The son caught the spirit which animated the father, and nourished the sacred flame. They looked with fondness to the birth place of their sires and in a spirit of imitation did reverence to her institutions. Their deep devotion to her interests is shown on the bloody banks of the Monongahela and the heights where the gallant Wolfe closed his glorious career.

But when the hand which had never protected was stretched forth in oppression, when remonstrance failed and their petitions were spurned, with sorrowful hearts but firm resolve they girded the strife, and the veterans of Europe shrunk before the patriot's aim. When the shock had passed a convention of the colonies met to deliberate upon their situation. What a solemn sitting. The fate of Empire rested upon their deliberations, and a nation was anxiously waiting the result. No lawless ambition seeking for power in the whirl of revolution was in their councils, but they were the wise, the good, and the learned of the land. Men who knew their duty and feared not to perform. With united voice they fearlessly and firmly

made the declaration which has just been so impressively read, an instrument which opened "a new area in the history of the world and will yet be the great charter of human liberty."

"Give us liberty or give us death" was the universal sentiment. The hopes of the desponding were raised and the fears of the doubting were dispelled. Britain called forth all her powers, the armies were sweeping the country with desolation and ruin, and the flag which had "braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze" was flying on the seaboard. The tomahawk was doing its work of destruction and the frontiers were scenes of savage barbarity. But firmly they withstood the storm and drove the oppressors from their shores.

When peace was established, when insurrection and discontent were lulled, the confederation was found insufficient and the federal government was formed. A government founded on the natural rights of man. A government without a parallel combining principles whose composition baffled the genius of the world. Political philosophy had exhausted its powers and learning has shrunk from the task, but it was for a new world to combine, to practice, and to prove, the efficacy of the principle, which are the basis of our system. With all the examples of past legislation before them was our government, the only government which "in all its parts was the result of plan, foresight and design." A government which amid the joinings and convulsions of nations alone stands firm and united, triumphantly demonstrating that the sovereignty of the people is the only true source of national prosperity. The United States presents an example of prosperity and happiness national and individual which finds no parallel in the history of the world. The immense territory is being peopled with almost incredible rapidity.

The population is already beginning to darken the distant coast of the northwest. Public improvement is binding and connecting the States by works which in extent and utility surpass the most famous of Roman and Egyptian art. There is a general intelligence among the people which Rome and Greece in their proudest days never saw. The States begin to find that the intelligence and virtue of people is the only durable foundation upon which our liberty and institutions can exist, and they have begun to extend their fostering care towards its promotion. Look to New England and say if a more enlightened, prosperous, enterprising and happy people ever existed. And to what is she indebted for her superiority? It is owing to the means of education which her legislative provision extends to the great body of her people. Give a nation intelligence and they will be industrious and virtuous, they must flourish. Nothing can sink them, tyranny can not prostrate them. Where the popular voice is supreme, unless there is intelligence to forsee and to counteract corruption, Liberty must perish.

Never since our country sprung into existence, has she occupied a situation so noble, so gratifying to national pride. The eyes of the world are upon her. She stands a beacon to guide a degraded world to freedom, and nations hail the light. They saw her glorious struggle and its more glorious result. They see peace and plenty in her borders. They have seen her realizing a state of happiness which they had looked upon as the dreams of fancy. They have caught the spirit of liberty, and tyrants tremble at the sound. Fifty years ago the gifted Adams, in a burst of eloquence, cried out, "This will be a glorious and immortal day, our children will hail it with bonfire and illuminations. His Declaration rules the charter of human liberty throughout the world." How prophetic

and how rapidly realizing. The star of freedom is rising in the east and thousands "are resolved to burst the crushing chain, or 'mid the battle's blast to die." Intellectual servitude and political oppression are fast giving away before the mighty produce of the press, which, for the last fifty years, has been disseminating with amazing rapidity the elements of human liberty. Mankind begins to find and to feel both the cause and the effect of its degradation. Men begin to learn that their immortal spirits were not created to be bound by the chains of inherited power; that those who lord it over them in noble splendor sprung from the same source; that *their* blood runs not in nobler currents than their own. They begin to rouse from their slumbering apathy of ages, and tell their astonished lordlings "Your race is *done.*" France made the effort, but ununited, she struggled in the blood of millions and shrunk into military despotism. "Infidelity ruled her councils and desperadoes led her armies"; her forces overran and divided nations. The forces of Europe were arrayed against her, but she was victorious. The disciplined troops of Alexander, the Invincibles of England and the warlike legions of Prussia acknowledged their superiority. French blood trickled over the burning sands of Africa and the tri-colored flag waved in triumph amid the flames of the Russian capital. Glory sat upon her helm, but disease was preying upon her vitals and she sunk into submission. Though the tremendous horrors of the revolution threatened to annihilate every vestige of liberty, yet it has subserved her cause, it kept alive the sacred flame which has silently been spreading and is again bursting forth in all its brilliancy. France recovered from the blow, and with renewed energies has arisen in her might and presents a people firm as the Macedonian Phalanx, and beautiful,

vine-covered, chivalric France will yet be free. The land of Poetry, of Eloquence and of Song.

Fellow Citizens, shall those whose valour achieved the liberty we enjoy, shall they be forgotten? Are they still among us that we may give the heartfelt grasp of free-born sons? Do their aged eyes behold the spread of those principles which their valour and their suffering established? Do they see our prosperity and happiness? They have gone, but they will not be forgotten, their memories will be cherished as long as liberty remains. History will tell their virtues and deeds to nations yet unborn. A remnant of that gallant band only remains and another anniversary may shine upon the tombs of the last.

Fellow Citizens, let this never be forgotten, let us meet, and from the past rekindle devotion to our institutions, let our children hear the story of their country and let them cherish a fondness for her government. Let party spirit be forgotten, and let us mingle on this Sabbath of liberty, in brotherly communion and friendship. Let us oppose a bold front to innovation and the intrigues of ambitious demagogues. Let us guard with jealous care every avenue which may lead to the destruction of this glorious fabric of Liberty. If foes without or foes within should assail, let us look to that "Flag, whose hues were born in heaven, and as our springing steps advance catch war and vengeance from the glance."

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

"Forever float thy standard sheet
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

473776

April 22nd, 1844.

At a meeting of the Bel-Air Lyceum this evening, Mr. G. Yellott offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, after which the Lyceum adjourned :

Resolved, That this Society has heard of the decease of Samuel Maffitt Whann with the deepest affliction, and that we have hereby sustained the loss of a member who, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the highest moral worth, was truly beloved and respected by all who knew him ; who, by his urbanity, affability, goodness of heart and high literary attainments, had so won our esteem during the many years he resided among us, that though we feel that death has left a void in our midst which can never be filled, we also feel assured that he can never cease to be in our remembrance.

Resolved, That knowing the deep grief of those who were bound to him by the strong ties of friendship alone, we can sympathize with those whose anguish is rendered more poignant by natural affection, and that we offer them our heart-felt condolence.

Resolved, That the President, Vice-President and Secretary sign these resolutions, and that they be published and copies of them sent to the afflicted family of our deceased Friend as an expression of the sympathy of this Society.

T. P. Dill, *Pres.*
Wm. Bouldin, *Vice-Pres.*

Jas. A. Fulton, *Sec. pro tem.*

TURBAN OF MRS. DAVID WHANN

(Worn at a dinner party given by Mrs. Dolly Madison at the White House)

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CHAPTER IX.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM MAFFITT, Chaplain for a time to the National House of Representatives, was a brother of Mrs. David Whann, and married Mrs. Turberville, a daughter of Richard Henry Lee, a son of Thomas Lee, of Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Henry Lee was born on the 20th of June, 1732, and died at Chantilly, the home of his daughter, in Westmoreland County, June 19, 1794. William Maffitt built Chantilly House, where he lived, in 1768. When his step-daughter, Cornelia Turberville, grew up and married Mr. Stuart, Mr. Maffitt, having lost his wife, moved to historic old Fairfax, Virginia, and built Salona Hall, a substantial square brick structure situated upon a slight eminence. It was within these walls that President and Mrs. Madison took refuge when fleeing from British violence, and it was there our

Declaration of Independence found security for a time. Dolly Madison's name will ever live in loving remembrance in the hearts of her countrymen. Well does she deserve every honor paid her name. When the Capital was besieged and every moment they expected the buildings to be burned to the ground, this noble woman, regardless of life, refused to leave the White House until she had taken from its frame that most precious document, the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Madison's levee, which occurred in February, 1816, was the most brilliant ever held at the Executive Mansion. Those present included Chief Justice Marshall and the associate justices of the Supreme Court in their gowns; the Peace Commissioners, Gallatin, Bayard, Clay and Russell; Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott and Ripley, with their aides. Heroes of the War of 1812 in full-dress uniform graced the assembly. The Diplomatic Corps made a brilliant display, and Sir Charles Bagot, especial ambassador from Britain, remarked, probably to make amends for Cockburn, that Mrs. Madison "looked every inch a queen." "She was

dignified and majestic; perhaps a little too embonpoint, with dazzlingly fair complexion, blue eyes, full of sweetness, and very black hair. She was easy and affable in manner and generous in disposition. She spared no pains to please those who might visit her. Her memory was so tenacious that after a single introduction she could name every gentleman and lady that had ever been introduced to her."

Rev. William Maffitt taught, through his life-time, belles lettres in several of the Atlantic cities. Among the men of later eminence who came under his instruction, was John C. Calhoun.

Mr. Maffitt married Mrs. Carter, née Carter, as his second wife, by whom he had two children; there were four sets of children reared in the same house, most peacefully and without the slightest discord. Parson Maffitt's ghost is said to be still seen riding about Salona Hall on a favorite white horse, upon which he was wont to make his rounds of pastoral visitations. His son, William Maffitt, the second, was an officer in the United States Army, and married Julia Chouteau, whose

family name is inseparably linked with the pioneer history of St. Louis. Her father was Pierre Chouteau, Jr. When Lafayette visited St. Louis in 1825, Mrs. Maffitt was but nine years old. The grand reception which her father gave is still fresh in her memory. She recalls his costume and much of the distinguished visitor's conversation upon that occasion.

Rev. William Maffitt's sister, Harriet, married Rev. Reuben Post, who graduated at Princeton College in 1815, and was the second pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He succeeded Dr. John Breckinridge in 1819, and continued pastor of that church until 1836. About that time a new church was erected on Four-and-a-half Street, the site of the present building.

Mrs. Maffitt was the widow of Charles Beale Carter, a half-uncle of General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A. Their home was at Shirley, on the James River. Their daughter, Susan Carter, married Rev. Thomas Bloomer Balch. Mr. Balch was a noted personage in Georgetown. It was rather strange that Mr. Balch should have become a minister,

as he did not enjoy his father's sermons when a boy, and was always seated in the pulpit in order to be kept quiet. One Sunday the prayer seemed uncommonly long; the boy's patience became exhausted, and in the midst "he put on his father's spectacles, which were lying on the pulpit, and opening the hymn-book said: 'Come, my brethren, while the pra'r is going on, let us sing a hime.' It is needless to say that the prayer did not go on, though doubtless the congregation went off." *

During the Civil War Mr. Balch, although a Southerner in his feelings, prayed so earnestly for the Northern soldiers every time they came to the house, that he was able to get anything he wanted from them, even real coffee, when his neighbors were compelled to use beans for that purpose. His wife was also of a very religious temperament, and great in prayer. She would begin with a room full of officers, and pray on, and on, and on, until there would be no one left but herself, and in that way saved the corn and hay from being taken by them. She was anxious that others

* From *Harper's Magazine*, by permission.

should be benefited by her religious thoughts, and one day went so far as to strew tracts by the way-side, as she drove from Salona to Georgetown. Her step-father, coming along shortly after on horseback, gathered up a lot of these papers and took them home to his daughter, perfectly unconscious that she had taken the trouble to place them there.

In 1783 the Rev. Stephen Bloomer Balch was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, the first church built in Georgetown. He was a good old soul, and married and baptized nearly everybody in Georgetown for many years. The Doctor being absent from home one day, when several couples wished his official sanction and blessing, the son thought he would take his place and relieve their suspense. "So, in prankish feat, without ban or surplice, went through a form of marriage, the parties being none the wiser, and, it is hoped, none the less happy, for being married by the son instead of the father."

The Doctor also had a little spare time for teaching. In the war of 1812 he formed a company composed of his scholars, whom he

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used to drill, and in that way obtained a pension. He had no difficulty in getting wives; he had three, and numbered them on the same tombstone, Elizabeth the first and Elizabeth the second. The stone is still to be seen in the old Presbyterian burying-ground. The original Presbyterian Church stood on the corner of Washington and Bridge Streets. The congregation rapidly increased, and the edifice enlarged in 1793 and again in 1801 and 1810. The increase was due not only to the popularity of Dr. Balch as a man and a preacher, but also to the fact that at that time there was no other Protestant Church this side of Alexandria nearer than St. Paul's Church, Rock Creek.

George Washington came from Mt. Vernon to worship in the old church, and Thomas Jefferson, then a resident of Georgetown, frequently attended service, as also did the first Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Gallatin, all of whom were contributors to the enlargement of the church building. President Jefferson's donation was seventy-five dollars. Such was the friendly feeling that all denominations worshipped there. When other

churches were built in the town, Dr. Balch was always invited to take part in the dedication service. All the pastors and the people united in prayer and praise meeting, going from church to church.

A few weeks after the death of General Washington, Dr. Balch gave notice that he would speak of the life and services of the great statesman. He preached in the open air to more than a thousand persons. His text was from the last verse of the tenth chapter of the book of Esther. Dr. Balch was pastor of the church for fifty-three years, until his death, which occurred the 7th of September, 1833. All the houses in the town were draped in mourning, places of business were closed, and bells tolled as the remains were carried to the church.

The trustees of the church in 1806 were Stephen B. Balch, William Whann, James Malvin, John Maffitt, John Peter, Joshua Dawson, James Calder, George Thompson, Richard Elliott, David Wiley, and Andrew Ross.

The lot adjoining the old church was used as a burying-ground. At the time the church

was moved these bodies were dug up, many of them put in boxes and placed in the chapel cellar of the Presbyterian cemetery, where they were knocked about in every direction, the boys in the neighborhood enjoying playing foot-ball with some of the skulls.

In olden time the Presbyterians had very fine music, the choir being composed of many voices and a whole string band. In 1879 the church was moved to West Street, and a handsome building erected.

CHAPTER X.

THE following is an account of a celebration that took place in the Presbyterian Church (when Rev. Mr. Steven Balch was pastor) commemorating the victories of Russia, Saturday, June 5, 1813, at 2 o'clock:

The ladies were first introduced into the church, then the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, members of the Maryland Legislature, strangers and citizens of the District. One of the large pews in front of the pulpit was appropriated to the reception of the President and Vice-Presidents of the day and the Consul of Spain. At half past two, the Russian Minister, his Lady, Counselor of Legation and Secretary, reached the church in his carriage of state. They were received by the committee of arrangements and escorted to a large pew adjoining the one occupied by the President and Vice-Presidents of the day. The Rev. Clergy and the Orator of the day, Mr. Custis, were next introduced by the committee of arrangements, and the latter was conducted to a rostrum immediately under the pulpit. During this time the ceremony was rendered unusually solemn and interesting by the accompaniment of exquisite music from a band of selected performers and

professors, who attended from a considerable distance. Rev. Mr. Balch offered up a prayer and music succeeded, when Mr. Custis delivered, in a style of ease and dignity so peculiar in his oratory, a warm and sympathetic encomium upon Russian valor and other topics arising from or connected with the object of the celebration. The scene was closed with prayer, when the Lady of the Russian Minister was conducted to her carriage with the music of a Russian march by the gentleman who directed this interesting spectacle and whose zeal, taste and liberality are deserving of highest commendation.

The Russian Legation was escorted to the Union Hotel, preceded by the Spanish Consul, the Members of Congress and of the Maryland Legislature, and other attending gentlemen.

At 4 o'clock the company entered the dining rooms, when the Russian Legation and the Spanish Consul were placed on the right of the President and the orator of the day on his left. A sumptuous entertainment had been provided by Mr. Crawford, to which a company of upwards of two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down. After dinner was removed the President gave the following toasts:

> "The United States of America. May justice be her guide, neutrality her policy, and liberty the essence of her national existence." [Music — "Hail Columbia."]
>
> "The Empire of Russia. May this Northern star break the power of attraction that has fastened the continent of Europe to the magnet of France." [A grand Russian Air.]
>
> "Field Marshall Koulousoff. A grave experience begat prudence, Nature gave valor and victory fame."

"General Bagration. The hero who nobly fell on the plains of Borodino, defending his country and his glorious cause." ["Roslin Castle."]

"The Armies of Russia. Discipline exact, steadfast in loyalty, bravery a birthright, and conquest a heritage." [A Russian March.]

"The resuscitating Nations of the Continent of Europe. No choice of alternatives. To victory or slavery your destinies point." [A Prussian March.]

"The Memory of Washington. Oh, that thy canonized form, hearsed in death, could burst its cerement and raise a drooping empire." ["Washington's March."]

"The Heroes of the Revolution. Alas, the fruits are fast withering of your patriot oils." ["Yankee Doodle."]

"The American Navy. This is the cradle of our rights, here let us cherish, foster and honor those heroic spirits, who are destined to punish the aggression of hostile power." ["Tars of Columbia."]

By Mr. SWERTCHKOFF, Counsellor to the Russian Legation.

"The Fair Sex of the United States. May they never smile on the admirers of Bonaparte."

By the MAYOR.

"The guests of the day, whose great worth and national characteristics gave the lie direct to all past and future malignant aspersion."

By the Honorable TIMOTHY PICKERING.

"The Union of the States, on its only permanent basis. Equality and rights, burdens and benefits."

By Mr. WAGNER.

"The grand destinies of the Russian nation, may they continue to develop themselves."

By JOHN HANSON THOMAS, Esq.

"Federalism of the Boston stamp, without counterfeit or alloy."

By Mr. KILGOUR.

"May the American mask be speedily torn from each French partisan."

By J. C. HERBERT, Esq.

"The Armies of Russia which have arrested the career of the oppressor and opened the prospect of peace to Europe."

"Captains Hull, Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge and Lawrence. 'And ye, too, have scattered thunderbolts. Columbia, these, thy chosen sons, outstrip the world in deeds of valor.' " ["Decatur's March."]

"The true Policy of America. A competent navy in the hands of a generous government." ["America, Commerce and Freedom."]

"The officers of the Navy of the United States. Honor the due of merit and fair promotion, the birthright of the brave." ["Columbia's Sons Arise."]

"Native Tars of America. Eternal war, when necessary for their essential rights." ["Freedom and our Native Land."]

"Agriculture mourning, Commerce in tears, you have our sympathies; we can do no more." ["Guardian Angels."]

"The Fair of America. With what Roman matrons may we not compare?" ["Sweet Passions of Love."]

By Mr. DASCHKOFF, the Russian Minister.

"Prosperity to the United States. No powerful enemy, no treacherous friend."

By Mr. CHACON, the Spanish Consul.

"May those nations who are now contending for self-government obtain it."

By GEORGE CALVERT, Esq.

"Alexander C. Hanson. May he speedily regain that health which is consecrated to the ornament of best interests of his country."

Here closed this highly interesting scene.

The gentlemen who constituted the company were truly men of the old school. Aged patriots came from afar to join this characteristic jubilee, in which we witnessed a combination of patriotic feeling and a constellation of talents, that were never exceeded on any public celebration in America. It is due to the gentlemen who constituted the committee of arrangements, to say that their duties, though unusually arduous, were performed in all their parts with that industry and zeal that this joyous festival called for.

The principal dinner-room was decorated by the taste of George Peabody of this town.

At the upper end of the room was placed an elegant portrait and a bust of the Emperor Alexander, with which the committee were favored by the Russian Minister.

These were surmounted by a large emblematic picture from the pencil of Mr. Custis, representing a huge serpent, in the talons of a black eagle of enormous size, hovering in front of the burning Moscow, and the tomb of Bagration. Opposite to the Emperor Alexander was placed a

full-length portrait of the immortal Washington, taken in early life, dressed in military costume of the day.

The Honorable Thomas Sim Lee, a former Governor of the State of Maryland, presided, assisted by the Vice-President, Benjamin Stoddard, Esq., General Walter Smith, John C. Herbert, Esq., Speaker of the House of Delegates of Maryland, Daniel Carroll, Esq., of Duddington, Col. George Dencale, of Alexandria, and the committee of arrangements, viz. John Peter (Mayor), Robert Beverly, William Marbury, Thomas Peter, Francis Dodge, John S. Stull, Washington Borris and John Lee, Esquires.

The guests invited to the festival were the two first governors of the State of Maryland, Thomas Johnson, and Thomas Sim Lee, Esquires, and Charles Carroll, Esq., of Carrollton, three of the surviving distinguished patriots of the Revolution, the heads of Departments of the General Government, the Rev. Clergy of all denominations in the District of Columbia, the Russian Minister and Legation and Foreign Consuls, Captain Steuart of the Navy, Captain Morris and officers of the Frigate Adams, with several other officers of the Navy who happened to be in the District.

From Gov. Johnson, and Mr. Carroll the committee received the following letters:

"FREDERICK, *May 23rd.*

"I have received gentlemen your polite invitation to the celebration of the Russian Victories, and will in one sense be with you; for no man can feel the propriety and duty of grateful acknowledgments more than I do, for the great change in the condition of the world. May it progress to break the chains of despotism, establish the independence and self-government of nations, and a long and happy peace. In that prospect and hope, I partici-

pated in the joyous occasion at Boston. But crouching under a load of more than eighty years, my physical strength is exhausted. I am, indeed, not fit to undertake anything active, nor could I, if actually present, add anything to enjoyment, on the contrary my appearance would rather invite chilling reflections on the imbecility of an old man worn out. I claim, however, the conscious merit of constantly wishing the liberty and prosperity of our country, from a very early period in life to the present hour.

"May they again return and be perpetual. I have gained too the friendship and confidence of Washington, which I estimate beyond price; or would I part from the self-complacency I enjoy, for all the profit and power that can be acquired by fraud and deception, everything is quiet within. This self-complacency might be doubted and therefore would not be expressed but in circumstances which exclude suspicion of prevarication.

"Accept my thanks for the kind allowances you are pleased to make in your estimate of me. So far as designing well, I will yield to none, as to the rest there are many before me, and I acknowledge it with pleasure and very sincerely wish the number was greater, for I have no envy that I know of, and I am sure I have nothing to ask or fear from the world.—I am Gentlemen,

"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"THOMAS JOHNSON.

"Mess. R. BEVERLY
"& JOHN LEE,
"Georgetown."

Mr. Carroll writes from "Doughoragen, 30th. of May, 1813, that he is prevented from attending on the 5th., the

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First State Governor of Maryland

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meeting of the gentlemen to celebrate the Russian Victories.

"I heartily approve the measure, and no one can more sincerely rejoice at those victories than I do, considering them as securing the independence of Europe, and our own.

"Be pleased, gentlemen, to present my respects to the committee on whose behalf you have written, and my apology for declining the honor done me by their invitation; accept also my thanks for the polite manner in which you have conveyed your own and their favorable sentiments of me on this truly patriotic occasion."

"I remain with great respect, gentlemen,

"Your most ob't. and humble Serv't.

"CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton.

"To RT. BEVERLY

"& JOHN LEE, Esqs.

"Georgetown."

CHAPTER XI.

I come with burning heart and faulty hand
To offer tribute to old Maryland.

HIGH on the roll of fame we will write her name, and dearly should her people love her. She is renowned not only for her wonderfully picturesque scenery, but for the bravest of brave men and the most beautiful of beautiful women. When we recall the gallant deeds done by the sons of Maryland, it is remarkable that she has never been honored by the Presidency.

Ah, no! Much to the country's disgrace,
They think old Maryland too small a place.
Why should her honors so long be deferred?
Though slighted by the nation she has served,
Old Maryland will always have the lead.
And may her renown and glorious deeds
Shine out henceforth to all eternity;
To her sons we owe this land of liberty.

In every event of importance, from the very foundation of the country, she has been the

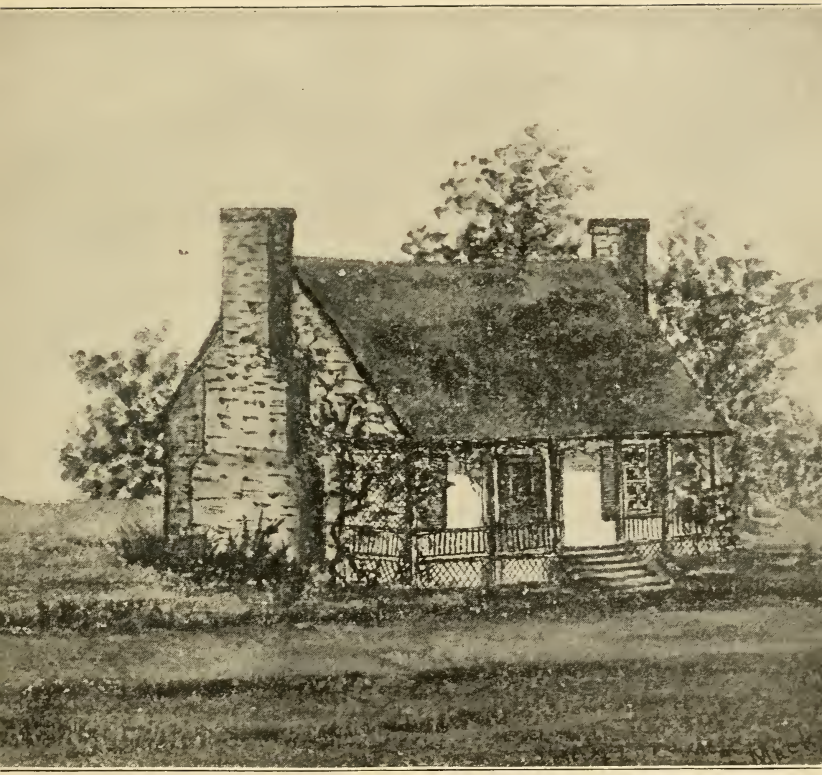
first to come forward and lend assistance. One hundred and thirty-nine years ago, on the 23d of November, "The Immortal Twelve," so called because they were the first to stand forth alone, steadfast, true and strong in repudiating the Stamp Act. That memorable court consisted of Justices Samuel Beall, his brother Joseph Beall, Peter Bainbridge, David Lyon, Charles Jones, William Blair, Thomas Beatty, Andrew Hugh, James Dickerson, Thomas Price, William Luckett, and Joseph Smith. These judges take precedence of the signers of the Declaration of the American Independence, and were known as the "silk-stocking gentry."

History records the fact that the Annapolis "Tea Party" occurred months before the Boston affair, and what is more, the Marylanders were not disguised or afraid to be seen when they fired the *Peggy Stewart*, filled with tea, as she lay in Annapolis harbor October 19, 1774. The brig was owned by Alexander Stewart and arrived in Annapolis, bringing a cargo of tea in defiance of local sentiment. Popular indignation reached fever heat. It was insisted by the patriots that

neither should the tea be landed nor should its importation contrary to the general wish be condoned. The owners of the vessel offered to burn their seventeen chests of tea in expiation of the offense, but, finding this atonement insufficient, Mr. Stewart proposed at length to burn both vessel and cargo. This was done. The *Peggy Stewart* was run aground on Windmill Point, and Mr. Stewart fired her with his own hands, amid manifestations of patriotic enthusiasm.

I am proud to write that at the battle of Long Island it was through the bravery of a little band of four hundred Maryland men the country was saved.

After the Revolution, when all over the country the land of those who, as Tories, had been traitors to their country, was confiscated, not an acre of Southern Maryland was taken, because, although all were of English descent, there was not found one Tory among them. Have we given these men the honors due them? Have we written their names, if not on monuments, on the tablets of our hearts? Ah, no! Their very names are being forgotten.



THE OLD COURT HOUSE IN FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND

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When George Washington was trying to establish the seat of Government in Washington the State of Maryland contributed $170,000 and Virginia $120,000.

CHAPTER XII.

Few indeed were as enthusiastic and devoted servants of the Episcopal church in the old Continental days as the Mackall family. They are of Scottish origin and descended from James Mackall of "The Clifts," who settled in Calvert County, Maryland, in 1635. Two of his descendants were members of the House of Burgesses. Col. John Mackall was Speaker of the House in 1725–1734. They were His Majesty's justices of peace, members of the Committee on Education. Col. John Mackall was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, at that time called the Church of England, and was vestryman of Christ Church parish, Calvert County, Maryland, and devised a tract of fifty acres of land to the said parish. His wife was Gabriel Parker's widow, neé Susanna Parrot. His son, James John Mackall, was born November 29th, 1717, and married Mary Hance.

He was a man of great wealth and influence, his estate consisting of thirty thousand acres of land lying between the Patuxent River and the Chesapeake Bay in Calvert County, Maryland. He named his place "God's Graces." This old home was built of brick in English style, broad halls, old fashioned wainscoted walls, and curious gables, with great deep windows, opening on ivy-covered verandas. In front a smooth green lawn, with forest trees, spread to the water's edge; the adjacent grounds were inclosed with a high moss-grown brick wall, covered with clinging vines of every kind, and the old-fashioned gravel path was bordered on either side with daily roses and St. Joseph lilies.

Every Sunday the stately old gentleman might be seen on his way to church, in brilliant knee buckles, lace ruffles and powdered hair, accompanied by his eight charming daughters; and very zealously did he guard them, always attending them whenever they went out. He was bitterly opposed to their marrying, and very few gentlemen were allowed to visit them; notwithstanding this,

they all married men of influence, for love smiles at walls and stern fathers.

Priscilla was the first to break the circle by marrying Robert Bowie, who was three times Governor of Maryland. Their courtship was carried on in the church ; she escaped from home, over the moss-grown wall by means of a rope ladder, furnished by her sweetheart. Tradition tells us that several of Priscilla's sisters escaped in the same way.

Their daughter, Mary Mackall Bowie, married Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Susanna married Thomas Gantt, supposed to be a descendant of "old John Gaunt," Duke of Lancaster, the son of King Edward III and father of King Henry IV of England. Thomas Gantt, Jr., was a member of the Convention of 1774, from Prince George's County, Md. He was a near relative of Bishop Thomas John Claggett, and of Mary Gantt, his wife. Rt. Rev. Thomas John Claggett, D.D., was the first Bishop consecrated in the United States ; the ceremony took place in old Trinity Church, New York. The bible and prayer-book from which the service was read are still in existence, having drifted to Connec-

ticut, and are considered of priceless value by the Taylor family, who would not part with them for anything. Large sums of money have been offered by members of General George Thomas' family, who are descendants of Bishop Provoost of New York, one of the consecrators of Bishop Claggett. At the time of the burning of old Trinity Church, some coals of fire fell upon these books, burning quite large holes. When the church was rebuilt, a wealthy lady refurnished the chancel, and the old books were given away.

Samuel Provoost was chaplain to the Continental Congress in 1785 and to the Senate of the United States in 1789. Having been elected Bishop of New York, he accompanied Dr. William White to England and was consecrated with him at Lambeth Palace. Bishops Seabury, of Connecticut, White, of Pennsylvania, and Provoost were those who consecrated Bishop Claggett. Bishop Provoost's health having become very feeble, it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to go through the service. He resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, but the House of Bishops refused to accept his resignation,

and appointed Benjamin Moor his assistant. Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Bishop Seabury had the chief part in revising the "Book of Common Prayer." Bishop Claggett studied divinity with Rev. Dr. Eversfield (a descendant of Lord Eversfield), and the quaint little building where he pursued his studies was for years a point of interest to all strangers visiting Prince George's. The little two-room, two-story study was built of blue and red brick brought from England, and stood near the roadway, making a pretty lodge covered with hanging vines. One entered directly into the room, which was lighted by little old-fashioned window panes. The walls of the room were wainscoted in oak wood. Directly in the center of this same room, and entirely free from the walls, the spiral stairway, with its carved balustrade, rose to the room above. This remarkable structure reminded one more of a pulpit than anything else, and was a good place for Bishop Claggett to rehearse his sermons. Frequently the door of the study would be locked upon Thomas when

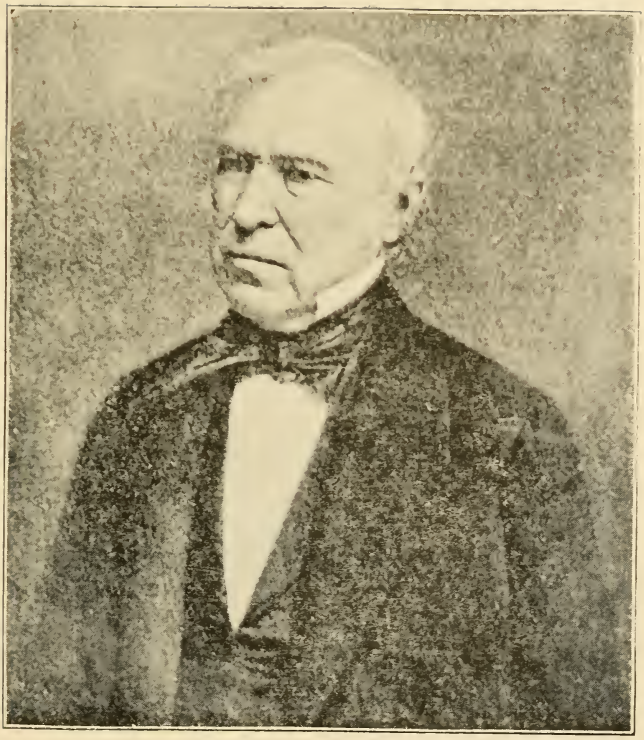
Doctor Eversfield went gunning, in order that he might not follow in his footsteps.

This old, substantial building stood the storms and ravages of time for generations, and has only recently been pulled down. It stood on the Eversfield estate owned by Fielder Bowie, whose mother was Miss Chew. Mr. Bowie married three times. His first wife was Miss Lane, and his second and third were sisters, Christiana Beall Mackall and Rebecca Covington Mackall. This noted old place, known as "Italy," has now passed into the hands of Mr. Bonaparte, a descendant of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who gave his hand in marriage to beautiful Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of the well-known banker in Baltimore. Mrs. Bonaparte, on her mother's side, was a granddaughter of Charlotte Grahame, of the "House of Montrose." The sacred old bricks of the little study were used to enlarge the chapel of St. Thomas in Prince George's.

Bishop Claggett died the 3d of August, 1816, and was buried at Croom, the home place, where he has slept nearly a hundred years. On Tuesday, November 1, 1898, All

Saints' Day, the remains of Bishop Claggett and his wife were removed to St. Albans, Washington, and will be placed in the new Episcopal Cathedral, which is soon to tower high above the city. The day selected for the service was particularly appropriate, as the Bishop's first charge was All Saints' Church, of Calvert County, Maryland.

Rev. John Hamilton Chew, a grandson of Bishop Claggett, was Rector of St. Albans for many years, and it seems but right that his grandfather should find a resting place there. Unfortunately, the life of Bishop Claggett is incomplete, most of his letters and papers having been destroyed by a fire which occurred at the time of the removal of Rev. Mr. Chew from his parish in Prince George's. The papers were placed in bags and left to be forwarded. Mrs. McPherson, a neighbor, had been requested to destroy any papers she might find scattered in the rectory. The night before she began to clear them out robbers broke in and emptied the contents of the bags on the floor, and the next morning she burned them all according to instruction.



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The mitre worn by the Bishop at the time of his consecration has been kept for many years under a glass case and is in a wonderful state of preservation. It was made of pasteboard and covered with black cloth.

Hon. Richard Gantt, the son of Susanna Mackall and Thomas Gantt, Jr., was born at White's Landing, the old homestead on the Patuxent River. He studied for the profession of law under the guidance of William Pinckney, the great statesman and orator. He made his home in South Carolina and married Sarah, the daughter of Sherwood Allen, of Virginia, a woman endowed with great personal gifts. During the progress of Washington through the Southern States, it is said that at a ball given in his honor in the city of Augusta, Georgia, he selected Sarah Gantt, the loveliest girl in the room, as his partner.

Edward Reynolds, who was also a member of the Convention of 1774, was fortunate enough to secure the hand of Mary Mackall, the sister of Mrs. Gantt. James Heigh chose Elizabeth, and her sister, Sarah, married Mr.

Grey. Ann became the wife of Walter Smith. She was the mother of Mrs. Zachary Taylor, wife of the President of the United States, and grandmother of the first wife of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America.

Margaret Mackall Smith was introduced to Zachary Taylor about the year 1809, by Dr. Alexander Duke, of Calvert County, Maryland, while visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Chew, of Kentucky (née Smith), sister of Mrs. Thomas Holland Chew. While Zachary Taylor was President he prevented his son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, then in the United States Senate, from fighting a duel. The President placed Jefferson Davis under arrest and sent his secretary to the ground to arrest Col. Bissell, his opponent. When arrested he was brought to the White House, where the President made the two shake hands. Col. Bissell was a member of the House at the time.

About seven miles beyond Georgetown, in Montgomery County, Maryland, you will find one of the most picturesque spots in the country, known as Cabin John Bridge, the

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CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

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arch of which is the longest stone span in the world. It was built by Montgomery C. Meigs, while Franklin Pierce was President of the United States. The President witnessed the opening ceremony and after a short speech, took the first spade of earth. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, was also present and took the second spade full. The Bridge was constructed under Mr. Davis' direction and his name was cut on the top stone of the arch, but was removed by some one during the Civil War. The removal of his name is causing much comment at the present day, and brings him more into notice than if it had been allowed to remain.

The aqueduct was built to conduct the water from the Great Falls to Washington. The arch spans Cabin John's Run, and was named for the man through whose place the water ran. The new Washington and Great Falls Electric cars run to the hotel, which is a great pleasure resort.

Margaret Mackall, one of the eight sisters, married on February 4, 1773, Major Richard Chew, eldest son of Richard and Sarah Lock Chew, who was born the 10th of April,

1753. They left a son, Richard, who married Elizabeth Hollyday, daughter of Leonard Hollyday. Barbara Mackall, the last of the sisters, chose General Wilkerson for her husband.

Benjamin Mackall the first, married the widow of Thomas Holdsworth, née Barbara Smith (daughter of Richard); when she visited England her intelligence and beauty made such an impression upon the Queen that she presented her with a "housewife" as a mark of her esteem; it was made of the richest silk and is still in existence. Richard Smith was Attorney-General in 1655–1660, and greatly distinguished himself in the early settlement of Maryland. He received his appointment to office from Oliver Cromwell. His wife, Barbara Mackall, née Morgan, a great grand-aunt of the eight sisters, was the daughter of Henry Morgan, and her letters published in Maryland history remain a witness to her ability.

Benjamin Mackall's son, Benjamin the second, of Hallowing Point, was born the 16th of February, 1723, and married Rebecca Covington, another descendant of Leonard Holly-

MACKALL JAR

Brought to this Country in 1635

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day and of Sir Henry Bruce, Lord Mayor of London. On one occasion, when Mr. Mackall's daughter Rebecca was very ill, Dr. Brown, a prominent physician of Prince George's County, was called and remained at the house in constant attendance until all danger was passed. When the physician was about to depart Mr. Mackall sent his valet to him with a silver tray piled with gold pieces, requesting him to help himself.

Rebecca married her cousin, Leonard Covington, who distinguished himself under General Washington, and was acknowledged one of the bravest officers of the service. He was born in Aquasco, Prince George's County, Md., on the 30th of October, 1768. General Washington commissioned him lieutenant of dragoons in 1793, under Gen. Wayne. At Fort Recovery, his horse was shot from under him. At the battle of Miami he was honorably mentioned in General Wayne's official reports, and promoted to the rank of captain by Washington. In 1794 he retired to his plantation. For many years he was a member of the Maryland Legislature, and was elected a representative in Congress from the

State from 1805 to 1807, and was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of a regiment of Cavalry, 1809, by President Jefferson. He was in command of Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, in 1810, and took possession of Baton Rouge and a portion of West Florida. He was appointed Brigadier General by President Madison, and ordered to the northern frontier in 1813. He was mortally wounded while animating his men and leading them to charge at the battle of Williamsburg. He died the 13th of November, 1813, two days after his fall, at French Mills. His remains were removed to Sackett's Harbor, the 13th of August, 1820 ; the place of his burial is known as Covington.

Three of James Mackall's descendants, John Mackall, Benjamin Mackall, and Benjamin Mackall 4th, were members of the Maryland Constitutional Convention of 1776, which adopted the Bill of Rights, the Constitution of the State and its form of government, and instructed the Maryland Delegation in the Continental Congress to sign the Declaration of Independence ; raised eight battalions of regular troops, the quota assigned to Mary-

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land by the Continental Congress, and imported the necessary arms and ammunition. Col. Benjamin Mackall was a delegate to the general convention which assembled at Annapolis, June 22d, 1774. He was selected by the Convention of 1776 to take command of the regiment of militia, from Calvert County, Md., and was afterwards appointed Lieutenant Commander and also chairman of the Committee of Safety and Observation.

John Grahame Mackall, the grandson of John Mackall, owned large estates in Calvert County, Md., and so many slaves that he did not know them. One day, while riding out, he met a fine-looking yellow man and stopped to inquire to whom he belonged; to his surprise he found he was his own servant. His house, furniture, barn, servants' quarters, cattle, sheep, hogs, seven hundred bushels of wheat, and as much corn, were destroyed by fire by the British and were a total loss. The house was used as headquarters by Colonel Taney, then in command of the 31st Regiment of the Maryland Militia, in the month of June, 1814, at the time Commodore Barney's flotilla lay in St. Leonard's Creek.

CHAPTER XIII.

Benjamin Mackall the second owned large estates in Calvert and Prince George's Counties, Maryland ; his products being shipped to Georgetown market. Thus it happened that two of his sons, Benjamin and Leonard, met, fell in love with, and wedded two of Brooke Beall's daughters. Their father was an important shipping merchant of Georgetown, sending great quantities of grain and tobacco to England. Leonard chose Catherine, and Benjamin the third, Christiana Beall. To each of his daughters Mr. Beall gave a double square on Georgetown Heights ; to Benjamin Mackall's wife, part of the Rock of Dumbarton, known as Mackall Square, where quite a large frame house was built, where the family resided in winter. One hundred years ago this building was removed to another portion of the Beall estate on Congress Street, where it still stands in better condition than most

LEONARD MACKALL

MRS. LEONARD MACKALL

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modern houses. In its place on Mackall Square was built a handsome brick house of Colonial architecture, with large halls, and great square rooms on either side, lighted by four windows, situated on a high eminence overlooking the city of Washington, which spreads like a broad panorama to view. The Potomac flows just below and in the sunlight appears like a great silver sheet, bordered on either side by the blue hills. In the distance the evening sun rests upon the dome of the new Congressional Library, and the many windows reflecting their golden light give the appearance of a city enveloped in flame. To the west the tall gray spires of the College stand out in bold relief against the clear sweep of the many-hued sky.

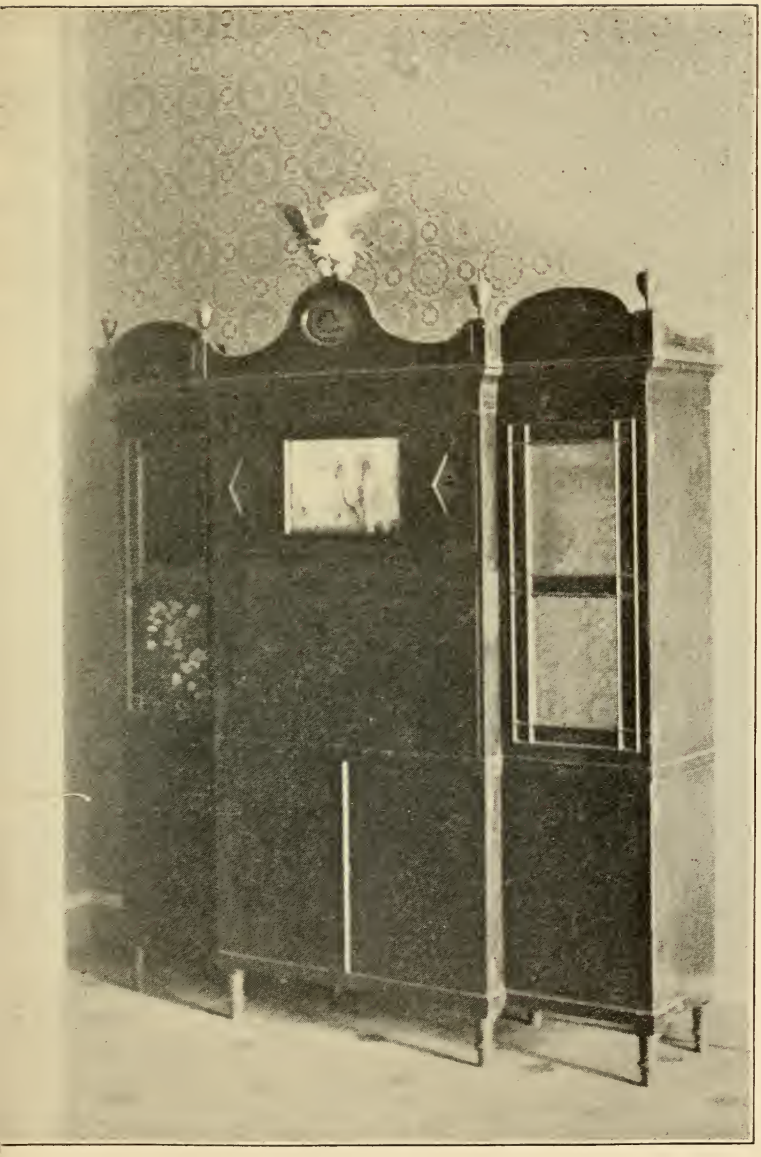
This lovely old place is still in possession of the family, and among the many pieces of old historic furniture is a handsome Chippendale desk that belonged to the renowned Major-General and Polish statesman, Kosciusko. Mr. Mackall never gave up "Mattaponi," the country-seat of his forefathers in Prince George's, Maryland, and the family still own this old place, on which tremendous crops

were raised. Many recollect the great droves of turkeys, three or four hundred in number, which passed through Georgetown, driven all the way from the plantation, a distance of twenty miles or more; one of these droves made a great impression upon the writer; it had been raining, and their plumage was hanging in wet strings.

The Mackalls were of a very retiring disposition, loving their homes and satisfied to stay quietly there. They were noted for their delightful entertainments, and there still live those who delight to tell of the good old-fashioned times, delicious suppers, and the famous Maryland biscuits. The guests gathered from miles around, and after being refreshed, the belles and beaux would dance the stately minuet—for the German was unheard of in those days—and Uncle Sam would fiddle on till morn.

> Ah, those were happy days of yore,
> When merry voices rang from shore to shore.

Benjamin Mackall the fourth, whose name appears as one of the signers of the Declaration of Rights by the Freemen of Maryland



KOSCIUSKO DESK

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JUDGE BENJAMIN MACKALL 4TH

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Province, A. D. 1775, was also one of the five first judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. The other members of that court were Chief Judge Benjamin Rumsy, James Murray, Soloman Wright and Thomas Jones. Judge Mackall became judge in December, 1778, and sat for more than a quarter of a century.

The winter of 1778 was one of the darkest periods in the history of our country. Few now realize the sad condition of America at that time. The finances were in a deplorable condition. The soldiers were without food and clothing, and compelled to sleep most of the time upon the frozen ground. Few had blankets and their foot-prints could be traced in blood upon the snow. They received no pay. During guard mounting and parade, half-naked men could be seen, holding their firearms with cold-stiffened hands. The officers were often protected from the weather by old, faded counterpanes, made by their wives and daughters. Their winter quarters at Valley Forge were miserable huts, cut in the side of a hill, scarcely large enough to crawl into. General Washington fared better

than his men. His quarters were a substantial gray-stone building, standing in quite a large inclosure, and to-day in one of the upper rooms they point out to you an old-fashioned warming pan, used by the General. He may even have had a feather bed.

On November 17, 1891, through the kindness of Mrs. J. de B. Randolph Keim, and the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the author and sixteen descendants of those brave heroes left Washington at nine o'clock in the morning, on the buffet car, for Valley Forge. Having arrived in Philadelphia, a special engine carried the party to Norristown, where they were met by Mrs. Ann M. Holstein, regent of the Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge. Here carriages were taken and the party driven to King of Prussia Inn, founded in 1769; thence to Centerville, thence to the memorial stone, a small straight slab erected by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, near the site of General Wayne's headquarters; thence to Fort Washington and Huntingdon, along the base of the hill created with Continental entrenchments, and passing

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General Knox's and Marquis Lafayette's headquarters, entered Old Valley Creek, passing the site of Valley Forge, built in 1759, and thence to the headquarters of General Washington, near where the Schuylkill and Valley Creek meet, which flows very picturesquely within a few rods of the house.

Here a delightful luncheon was served, through the kindness of Mrs. Holstein and Mrs. Hugh McInnes. With awe and reverence we looked upon this hallowed spot, and followed the guide from room to room, and looked with eager curiosity upon the sliding panel in the wall and secret underground passage-way through which the officers could make their escape at any moment into the water, and wondered if some secret hiding-place might not yet reveal some long-forgotten record or treasure. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. de B. Randolph Keim and daughters, Miss Eugenia Washington, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, Dr. and Mrs. F. O. St. Clair, Chief of the Consular Bureau; Prof. and Mrs. Howard Clark, Curator of the Historical Collection, Smithsonian Museum; Col. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of

Fisheries; Mrs. Ella Hardin Walworth and daughter, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Devereux, and Sally Somervell Mackall. On our return a special express was attached at Philadelphia and we arrived in Washington at 10.35 P. M. I believe that day will ever remain a bright spot in the memory of the entire party.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Louis Mackall the first, son of Christiana Beall and Benjamin Mackall, was born at Mackall Square, Georgetown Heights, in 1802, and became a physician of high standing. His preparatory education was gained in Georgetown at the well-known school of Dr. Carnahan, who afterwards became President of Princeton College. In 1824 he graduated in medicine from the University of Maryland, and at once began practice in Prince George's County, and until about 1840 was actively engaged in practice, when he retired to private life, having written extensively on numerous professional subjects and kindred themes. Prof. Joseph Henry (who was Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution for many years and a personal friend of the Doctor's), said his theories were a hundred years in advance of the day. Some of his works are illustrated by steel engravings

executed by William H. Dugal, of Georgetown Heights. His first marriage took place in 1828 to Sarah Somervell Mackall, a daughter of Captain John Grahame Mackall, an officer of the war of 1812, and granddaughter of Captain James Somervell, a descendant of Lord Somervell. James Somervell was a patriot of the Revolution, who served seven years, and lost an arm in the battle of Camden, S. C. He was also a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, a society of Revolutionary officers, first founded by Gen. George Washington. Mrs. Louis Mackall died in 1831, leaving one child, a son. Louis Mackall the first married in 1851, as his second wife, Mary Bruce, daughter of Major Thomas Bruce, of Prince George's County, Maryland. Her grandfather was William Bruce, a Revolutionary officer, and a member of the Order of the Cincinnati. The gold badge of the society was designed by Major Charles L'Enfant, the great French architect and civil engineer, who laid out the city of Washington. He was sent to France by the Society of the Cincinnati on one of the vessels of Robert Morris, to arrange for the engraving of the badge, and

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received the thanks of the Society in an elaborate paper, sealed with its seal, making him a draft for a sum of money, which he never drew. Major L'Enfant died in the spring of 1825, and lies buried at "Green Hill," the home of William Dudley Diggs.

About one mile beyond the quaint old village of Bladensburg, in Prince George's County, Maryland, and just beyond the District of Columbia line, are the noted duelling grounds. On one occasion, as Dr. Mackall was returning to Washington from "Mattaponi" (one of his country seats), he arrived there just as the fatal encounter took place between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, who was thirty-five years of age, a Democrat and a Representative of the Thirty-fifth United States Congress, and William J. Graves, a Representative from Kentucky, who was of the Whig party. The fight took place a little distance from the regular grounds, in order to mislead those persons who might be in pursuit. The encounter occurred the 24th of February, 1838, and grew out of a political quarrel. It is said that Graves carried a challenge to Cilley from J. W. Webb, a

journalist, whom Cilley had accused of taking a bribe.

Cilley refused the challenge on the ground that Webb was no gentleman. Graves then challenged Cilley, who accepted. They fought with rifles at a distance of eighty yards. Cilley was mortally wounded after three shots were fired, and expired that same evening on the field in Dr. Mackall's arms, who had rendered all assistance possible, the physician who was supposed to be in attendance having become flustered.

Mr. Cilley was approached after each shot with a view to reconciliation, but would not recall his words. Gen. George W. Jones, a Senator from Iowa, was Mr. Cilley's second, and Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, stood for Mr. Graves. The seconds stepped off the distance, which was supposed to be eighty paces, but when measured afterwards proved to be ninety yards. After the duel, Graves returned to Washington on his gray mare, "Meg," to Miss Galvin's boarding house on C Street. The house was owned by Joseph Bradley. This event caused the duelling act to be passed, making it a crime,

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LOUIS MACKALL 2D

MRS. LOUIS MACKALL

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with imprisonment not exceeding ten years, to carry or accept a challenge in the District of Columbia.

Louis Mackall the second was born at "Mattaponi," the old country seat in Prince George's County, Maryland, April 10, 1831. In 1839 he was brought to Georgetown by his father and entered at Mr. Abbott's Academy. Afterwards he went to Georgetown College, and in 1851 graduated at the Maryland Medical University. He returned immediately to Georgetown, where he obtained a large practice, in which he is still actively engaged. He married in 1851 Margaret McVean, daughter of Rev. James McVean. He was chosen as councilman and member of the board of health, and made a director of the Potomac Insurance Company of Georgetown. He was surgeon of a cavalry troop organized before the Civil War, and was selected from the battalion to guard Mr. Lincoln in safety to the Presidential Mansion on the occasion of his first inauguration. He was professor of clinics in the medical department of Georgetown College, and united with his fellow-practitioners in membership of

several societies organized for the advancement of medical science, among them the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, the American Medical Association, the Medical Association of the District of Columbia, and has held the office of president of the two latter. He has been a frequent contributor to the medical magazines designed to promote a knowledge of therapeutics and the practice of medicine. Among these articles are his treatise on the use of permanganate of potash in diphtheria, published in *Hayes' Medical Journal*, and many other articles in various medical journals.

Brooke Mackall, Sr., a son of Leonard Mackall and Catherine Beall, owned one of the most beautiful places in the District, situated on the Heights of Georgetown. The house was built by Mr. Beverly, and resided in by John C. Calhoun, for sixteen years, while Secretary of War. This same place was afterwards bought by Mr. Edward M. Linthicum, for eleven thousand dollars; part of this property is now owned by Mr. Blount, and is known as "Monterey."

The Washington Home for Incurables

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stands on part of the original tract. James Elvertson's beautiful grounds adjoining "Monterey," and known as "Clifton," was bought from Benjamin Mackall for three thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XV.

Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," lived on Bridge Street not far from the Aqueduct Bridge, and the house is still standing. He was subsequently made District Attorney. Mr. Key was a volunteer in the Light Artillery commanded by Major Peter. The company was composed of citizens of the District of Columbia, who had uniformed themselves and offered their services to the Government and were employed in active service from the time the British fleet appeared in the Patuxent, preparatory to the movement upon Washington. Mrs. Key was a sister of Mrs. Judge Nichelson. The chain of circumstances which led to the writing of the "Star Spangled Banner" began at a convivial dinner party in the quaint old town of Marlboro. The following leaf from the history of the County seat of Prince George's County, Maryland, has been care-

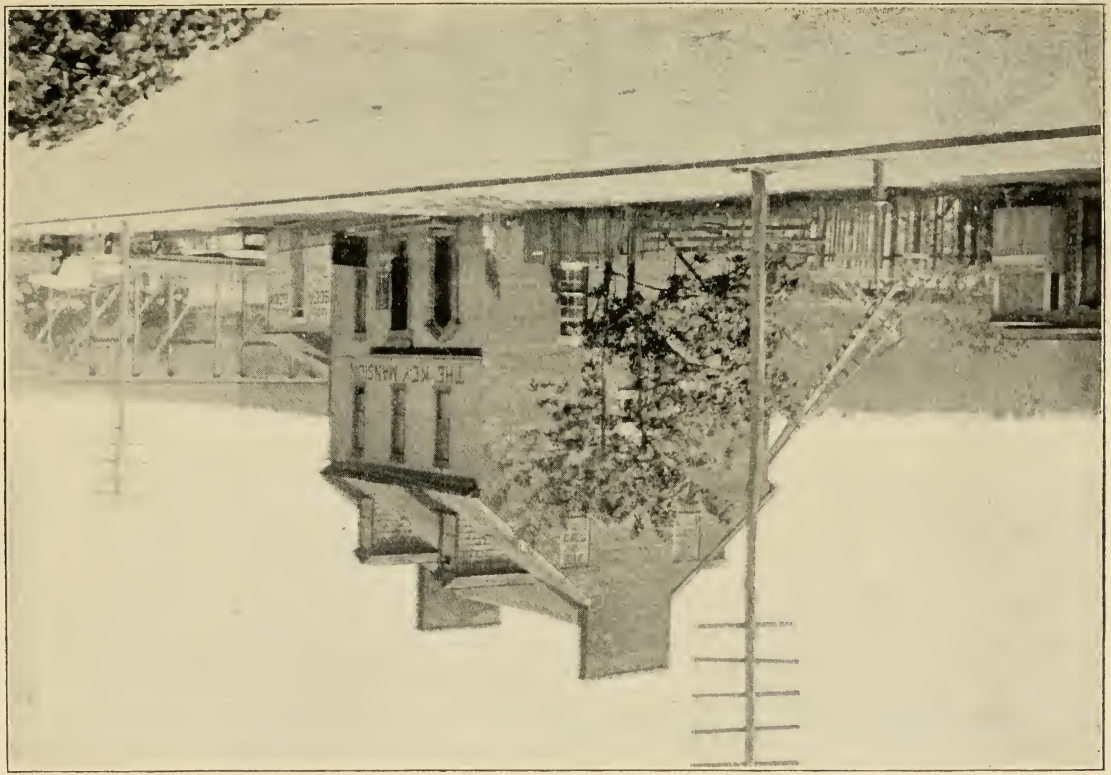
fully preserved by an old inhabitant of Marlboro:

The day the British army passed Marlboro en route from Benedict to Washington, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent physician and citizen, was dining a party of his friends at his residence, among whom were Dr. William Hill and Mr. Philip Weems. Excitement in the neighborhood ran high, and a feeling of intense hostility was awakened against the soldiery, who, during their ascent of the Patuxent and their march across the country, had acted more like a party of marauders than a disciplined army. The main body of the army, on the day referred to, encamped at the "Wood Yard," about five miles from this place, and a party of stragglers roamed into Marlboro. Some of the convivial guests of Dr. Beanes', seeing the red-coats in town, suggested that the party go out and arrest them, and the suggestion was adopted and put into execution without delay. When they were released they hastened to rejoin the army and reported the treatment they had received in Marlboro, and a squad was sent back to arrest the ring-leaders of the arresting party. Accordingly, Drs. Beanes, Hill and Mr. Weems were taken into custody and hurried off to Bristol, some miles from Marlboro, on the Patuxent, at which place Admiral Cochrane's flag-ship lay at anchor. As a special indignity, Dr. Beanes was forced to ride the entire distance on a bare-backed horse. When they were taken on ship-board and the case was reported to Admiral Cochrane, he was disposed at first to use severe measures with the prisoners, but better counsel prevailed, and when the ship reached Benedict, Dr. Hill and Mr. Weems were released. Dr. Beanes, however, did not fare so well. He

was retained on the ship and carried to the City of Baltimore, which had been marked for destruction. At that time Francis Scott Key, a nephew of Dr. Beanes, was living in Georgetown, D. C., and was a prominent member of the Georgetown Glee Club, which was composed of the best musical talent of the place. Hearing of the arrest and detention of his uncle, Mr. Key hastened to the scene of the approaching conflict and went aboard the ship under cover of a flag of truce to secure, if possible, his uncle's release, and there he was detained during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Out of the hopes and fears of this temporary imprisonment were born the sentiments of that song that has made him famous.

After the bombardment he was sent ashore, but Dr. Beanes was carried to Halifax, where he remained a prisoner for over a year. After Dr. Beanes' release he returned to his old home in Marlboro, where he died in 1828, aged eighty-eight years. His grave may be seen at Marlboro to-day, on what is known as "Academy Hill."

When Mr. Key returned to Georgetown, so the story runs, at the first meeting of his Glee Club thereafter, he related to his companions the thrilling experiences of his self-imposed confinement, and the suggestion was immediately made that he commit the incident to verse. The suggestion was acted upon, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was read amid great applause at their next meeting. It was first sung by them to an air of an old Lutheran hymn. Thus it will be seen that the circumstances from which came the soul-stirring words of our national song grew out of a thoughtlessly precipitated incident that occurred at Marlboro.



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Francis Scott Key and his wife are buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, in Frederick County, Maryland, and not in the Key vault in old Christ Church Yard, in Chaptico, St. Mary's County, Maryland, where six generations of the Key family sleep, among the number Edmond Key, one of the judges of St. Mary's County Courts in 1813, whose wife was Margaret Mackall. This vault was injured by the British and the bodies of the dead desecrated by the soldiers, but it was repaired and is still used. The old church was built by Philip Key near the end of the seventeenth century. The bricks were brought from England. Queen Anne gave the bible, prayer-book, organ, communion service, font, and two tablets to the church. Some of these were destroyed in 1812 by the British. One of the tablets bears the name of her Royal Highness and on the other the date on which it was given. The font is one of the gifts that remain.

The vestry house was used for a school for the poor. The money was given by Philip Key's wife, née Barton, and supposed to be the first money given in Maryland to establish

a free school. The first rector of the church was Rev. Mr. Wilkerson, whose descendants still live in the neighborhood.

A RECEPTION TO GEN. JACKSON.

In the month of February, 1829, Gen. Jackson started from his home for this city. His numerous friends were determined to give him a public reception upon his entrance into the District. They therefore watched his progress. Finally it was reported that he had arrived in Fredericktown, Maryland. Nothing further was heard from him, and there was considerable doubt as to his movements. His friend, John H. Eaton, who was a Senator from Tennessee, learned that he would reach Rockville on the 20th, and keeping his own counsel, he went to that village in a private conveyance, and there meeting the General, quietly escorted him to this city. Some pieces of ordnance were stationed on the Heights of Georgetown to welcome the President-elect and to announce his arrival to the citizens. The streets were thronged with expectant citizens, but as the day wore on and he did not come there was great uncertainty. Gen. John P. Van Ness, the chairman of the central committee, mounted his horse and rode towards Georgetown to learn, if possible, something definite. When on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Georgetown, he met the carriage of Gen. Eaton and saw Gen. Jackson sitting by his side. The carriage had passed the men in charge of the guns without their knowing that it contained the President-elect, and so the salute was not fired. Gen. Van Ness rode along by the carriage and the entire party proceeded to the National Hotel, where thousands of the citizens repaired and

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offered their congratulations. Gen. Jackson was inaugurated on the following 4th of March on the eastern portico of the Capitol in the presence of 40,000 people. The President-elect walked from his quarters at the hotel to the Capitol, where he took the oath of office and read his inaugural address. He then mounted a horse and rode to the Executive Mansion, hat in hand, his head towering over the heads of the throng and the air resounding with shouts and plaudits from the multitudes that lined the streets.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REV. JAMES MCVEAN was born near Johnstown, New York, in 1796, and was a son of Duncan McVean and Grace Fraser, a descendant of Peter Fraser, who three times saved the life of Robert Bruce, and was knighted for bravery. (See Burk's peerage.) James McVean was a graduate of Union College in 1813 and of Princeton College in 1819. He spoke seven languages with fluency. At Princeton College the chair of Greek was always open to him. Mr. McVean came to Georgetown about 1820 and married Jane Maffitt Whann, June 8, 1828. For twenty-five years he was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sabbath School and the Union Celebration of all denominations, which took place always on the Fourth of July of each year. After weeks of preparation the scholars would assemble in the old Presbyterian Church, form in line of four

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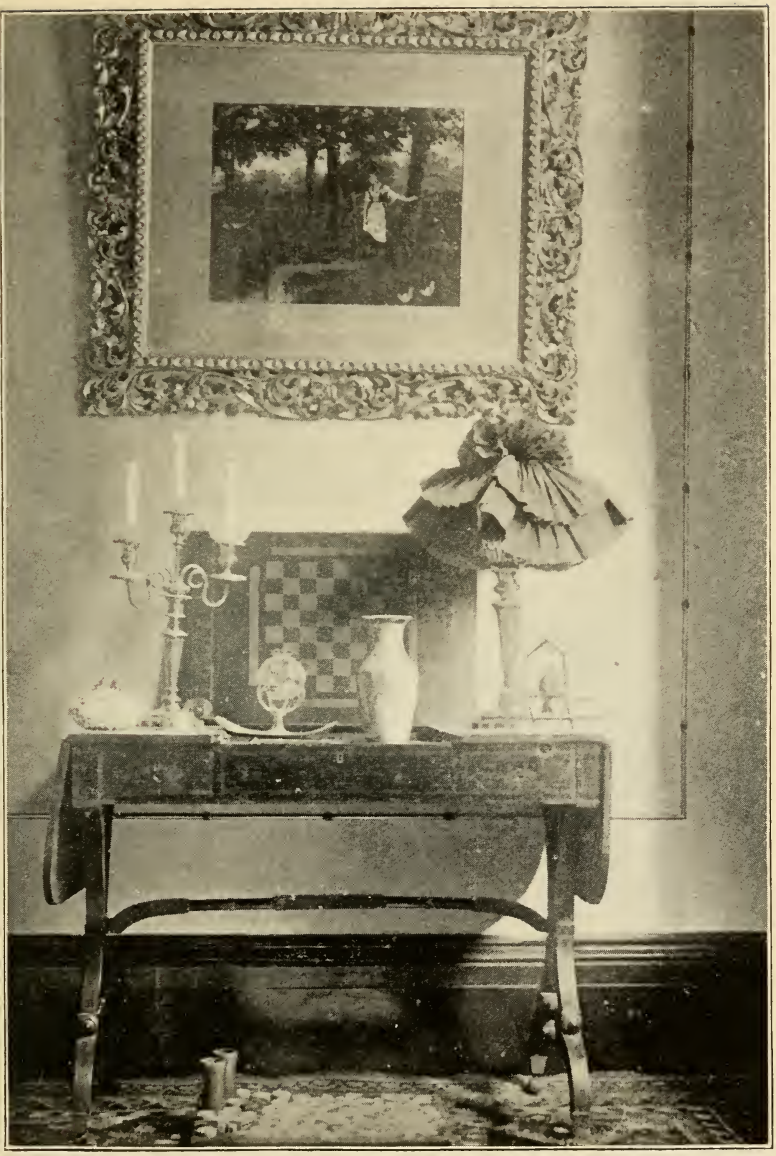
abreast, and walk to Parrot's Woods, singing as they went. The whole populace would turn out to witness the procession. There would be speech-making and prayer by prominent persons, after which the children were allowed to amuse themselves as they pleased. These celebrations ceased soon after Mr. McVean's death. He died in Georgetown, July 8, 1847. In 1848 Baker & Scribner, of New York, published a work entitled "Teaching a Science; the Teacher an Artist," in which was given a list of names of great men, beginning with Socrates and ending with James McVean. As a testimonial of respect at the time of the death of Mr. McVean, the Board of Common Council and Aldermen of the corporation, of which he was a member, suspended business for eight days and crape was worn on the arm for thirty days. The following is one of the many tributes published at the time of his death in Washington, July 10, 1847:

PORTRAIT OF A TRUE MAN.

The sudden decease of the Rev. James McVean, of more than twenty years the excellent Principal of a classical seminary in Georgetown, has produced sadness

and grief among all classes of our community. Mr. McVean was about fifty years of age, a native of Johnstown, N. Y., a graduate of Union College and educated in his theological studies at Princeton. When the present venerable President of Nassau Hall was called to the station he now occupies, Mr. McVean took charge of the high school which Dr. Carnahan then left, and has ever since conducted it with the most eminent ability and success. His fine manly frame and countenance, open and commanding, were symbolic of his mind and character, simple, undisguised, decided and firm. A gentleman (after the school of courtesy which an apostle would have commended); a scholar of rare and critical knowledge in Latin and Greek; an instructor who left the impression of his character on the hearts of his pupils; a man in all relations sincere, just, generous and faithful; a friend incapable of weakness, fear or dishonor; a Christian after the antique models, when godliness was thought gain, and faith was victory over all human opinions, and all the powers and passions of the soul;—alas, not often, if ever, shall we look upon his like again.

The great number of citizens, and especially of his former scholars, who assembled in the Presbyterian Church in Georgetown yesterday, to express their respect to his memory and to accompany his remains to the tomb, bore testimony to the value of his character, a character based upon faith in the Word of God, and reared in all its fair proportions, loftiness and strength, by obedience to that word. As an elder in the Presbyterian church and president of many benevolent associations, as the friend and eloquent defender of the American Colonization Society, in the days of its unclouded honor and noblest contest for truth and justice, he will be long remembered with profound respect and affection. His natural abilities



DAVID WHANN'S BACKGAMMON TABLE

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and eminent attainments as a scholar and his great talents for government well qualified him to preside over any of our colleges, but his modesty disposed him to rest in a quiet and retired station of usefulness, and rendered him little sensible to motives of pecuniary advantage or ambition.

He well knew that greatness of character depends not on place, that it may be most impressive when retired from general observation, and be weakened and impaired by display. His sense of duty governed all his sentiments. He never feared the face of man, nor had the world any motive or power which could obscure, disarm or turn from its course his integrity. This, in memory, of all who knew him, will remain a monument at once beautiful, imperishable and sublime, pointing to the God whom alone he worshiped, and the heaven of which we doubt not he will share the perfection, the eternal life and glory, forever. G.

An address made by the Rev. B. F. Bittinger, D. D., November 20, 1895, at the Centennial Celebration of Presbyterianism at the National Capital, in which he states that Presbyterianism had full sway in Georgetown in early days:

Rev. Dr. Wylie founded a classical seminary for young men; he was succeeded by Rev. Dr. Carnahan, afterwards president of Princeton College, and then by Rev. James McVean, a graduate of Princeton College, in 1819, and one of the finest classical scholars in the world. He spoke seven languages with the greatest fluency. In the sem-

inary taught by Rev. James McVean a large number of young men were prepared for college, while others received that instruction and religious training which fitted them for the ministry, for the learned professions, for business and for prominent positions under the National Government. Speaking of my personal knowledge, I may say that from this school went forth one of the earliest missionaries of our Foreign Board to China, Rev. John B. French; two who afterwards became generals in the United States Army, Gens. Getty and Pleasanton; another who became an admiral in the United States Navy, Admiral Semmes, and Francis M. Gunnell, Surgeon-General of the United States Navy, besides many others who became ministers of the gospel or adorned the medical and legal professions, or attained to distinction in offices of honor and trust under the National Government. Even to-day I recall among the living a professor in the University of Princeton, Henry C. Cameron, D. D.; the Secretary of our Board of Publication, Elijah R. Craven, D. D.; Hon. William A. Butler, an eminent jurist of New York; and learned judge of our District Court, Hon. Alexander B. Hagner. Among the distinguished, and one of his boys, was his brother, Hon. Charles McVean, of New York, who was States Attorney and Surrogate Judge of New York, who was in the United States Congress when Van Buren was President; the Rev. Sturdavant, of New York, and Mr. John D. McPherson, of Georgetown, a prominent lawyer, besides many others in various parts of the country. "History, Mr. President, is impartial and will not tolerate concealment or suppression of the truth, compelling one to say that, in addition to those just mentioned who went forth from this school of learning, conducted under Presbyterian auspices, was one who in after years attained to the high and honorable position

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of Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Washington City, and is author of what some regard a valuable manual of Presbyterian Law and Usage."

The following is taken from the *Georgetown Columbian*, a paper published August 17, 1827, giving an account of one of Mr. McVean's school celebrations that took place in the old Presbyterian Church, August 17:

Few colleges deserve equal praise with the recent exhibition of Mr. McVean's seminary. The selections were extremely judicious, the elocution equal to that in our best colleges and the original productions specimens of much genious and taste. I have been favored by friends with a scheme of the exercise. They were in the following order, interspersed with music:

Prayer.
An oration on Eloquence, by John Ott.
Eulogy on Washington (original), by Grafton Tyler.
Oration on the State of New York (original), by Geo. Clark.
Oration on the Character of Hannibal (original), by John Rittenhouse.
Oration on South American Revolution (original), by Samuel Tyler.

All the speakers acquitted themselves well, and some of them were listened to with universal interest and pleasure. The oration on Hannibal was delivered with great force and propriety, and the very spirit of Patrick Henry seemed to inspire the young orator who recited his speech. I am informed by an excellent judge on such

a subject that the Greek orations are very correctly written, and we are willing to hazard our own opinion that the one on the mutual dependence of animal creatures was a fine specimen of Latin composition. Considering the very youthful character of its author, the Eulogy on Washington deserves great praise. The oration on the State of New York evinced very mature and comprehensive views and the ideas were happily expressed. I can not but wish that De Witt Clinton occupied the same place in the opinion of the public as in that of the writer of this oration. The last two performances were of very high character. The former was more replete, perhaps, with poetic imagery, and more abounded in the corruscations of genius, but the latter was certainly one of the most manly, condensed and powerful specimens of eloquence to which I have ever listened at any of the exhibitions of our literary institutions. [Grafton Tyler afterwards became one of the leading physicians of the District of Columbia, and married Mary Bowie.]

The speech of Mr. O'Connor in favor of the Catholics, by Thomas Jewell.

Hannibal's Oration to his Army, by Barlow Mason.

Character of Alfred, King of England (in Greek, and original), by George Clark.

Speech of Patrick Henry on the Necessity of the American War, by William Renner.

Oration on the Mutual Dependence of Animal Creatures (Latin, original), by John Rittenhouse.

Pitt's speech on the American War, by Lewis Coppersmith.

Oration on the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal (Greek, and original), by Samuel Tyler.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. McVEAN.

And is it sealed to peace? On thy clear brow
Never was care one fleeting shade to cast,
And thy calm days in the brightness were to flow,
A holy stream, untroubled to the last.

MRS. HEMANS.

Gone is the soul; and must this form so young,
So loved, so fair, be hid from us for ever,
And slumber in the cold and lonely grave,
To rise, to live no more? 'T is even so.
On this sweet face the spoiler, Death, has set
His seal, and yet there 's nothing fearful here:
That brow, though pale and cold, is fair and calm;
No fear of death has left its impress there.
Those eyes were closed in holy, heavenly peace;
In peace with man, in blessed peace with heaven.
Her home, so happy once, is cheerless now,
Her gentle voice is wanting there; the light
Of her loved face no more again will bless
The cheerful hearth, the happy board, nor hour
Of holy prayer. The kind, devoted wife,
The faithful mother and constant friend
Are here no more. She will be missed in all
Our hearts, our homes. Her face was always welcome,
Her presence gave delight, and had we known
The hour of parting was so near, we then
Had treasured up each social look, each word
That came from those dear lips. Oh, brightly shone
Her Christian life. How gentle, yet how firm;
How warm and yet how pure. 'T is for ourselves
Alone we feel regret, for hers is now
A brighter and a happier home, the home
Of angels and of saints, the home of God,

That far-off land beyond the distant skies,
Farther than mortal ken. Perhaps 'ere now
Her eyes have seen the little one whose loss
She deeply mourned, redeemed, arrayed in robes
Of Christ's own righteousness, ever to bless her sight.
The Christian's endless rest is hers,
A blessed, sinless life, so pure and frail
No earthly pencil can portray its scenes,
No human heart conceive its perfect joys.

O. K. M.

GEORGETOWN, *December 11, 1837.*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, GEORGETOWN

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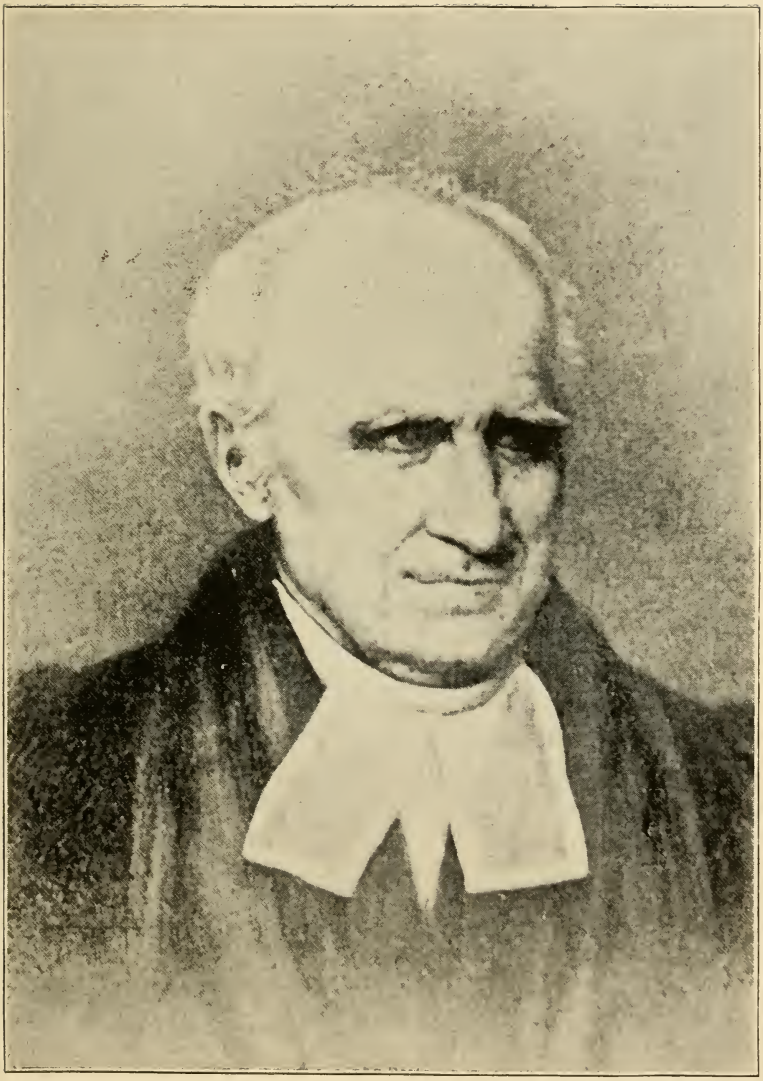
CHAPTER XVII.

In 1794–'95, through the kindness of Rev. Stephen Bloomer Balch, and with the consent of the rector of St. Paul's, Rock Creek, of whose parish Georgetown was a part, Rev. Walter Addison, rector of Broad Creek Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland, was invited to hold the Episcopal service in the Presbyterian Church. In the summer of 1796 Mrs. Benjamin Mackall started a subscription list, containing one hundred and twelve names, to build St. John's Church. The amount raised was fifteen hundred dollars. The church lot was considered out of the town limits at the time and was given by Mrs. Colonel William Deakins, née Jane Johns, who was Mrs. Mackall's aunt. On Friday evening, January 28, 1803, another effort was made, in which Mr. William Dorsey and Mr. Plater took an active part. A meeting of the inhabitants of Georgetown

was held at Mr. Semmes' Tavern, when Walter S. Chandler, Charles Worthington and Walter Smith were appointed to enquire into the finances of the church. There were only forty-five pews in the original building. In those days it was the fashion to have four square pews near the chancel, but there were ten in old St. John's, and it might be interesting to read the names of the pew-holders as they appear on the records. They are as follows:

Benjamin Mackall.
William Steuart, Sr.
John Tayloe.
Walter Smith.
Dr. Charles Worthington.
Thomas Plater.
P. B. Key.
Jno. Threlkeld.
Washington Bowie.
Gen' Geo. Mason,

The four first mentioned paid forty dollars rent, the remaining six thirty dollars, and the single pews were fifteen dollars. The minister's salary was one thousand dollars. Mr. Balch was one of the contributors to the church.



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In April, 1804, Mr. Sayrs, of Port Tobacco Parish, was elected rector and entered upon his duties at once. He remained in charge until his death, which occurred in 1809. The epitaph in the church to Mr. Sayrs was written by Francis S. Key. The vestry in 1807 was composed of Benjamin Mackall (whose wife was Christiana Beall, a cousin of Mrs. Balch), Charles Worthington, Washington Bowie (whose wife was Margarett Crabb Johns), William Steuart, Sr. (whose wife was Margaret Beall, a sister of Mrs. Mackall), P. B. Key, Thomas Corcoran, J. Mason, and T. Plater.

In January, 1809, the Rev. Walter Addison became pastor and remained until 1821, when Rev. Stephen S. Tyng succeeded him, afterwards the celebrated rector of St. George's Parish, New York. In 1823 Mr. Addison was recalled and continued in charge until 1827. Christ Church, at the Navy Yard, Washington, was the only Episcopal church building within the city limits, consequently the church in Georgetown would be thronged with persons of the highest social position and wealth. Seats were so scarce

that pews in the gallery were in great demand.

During service on Sunday the church would be surrounded by a glittering array of carriages in the care of liveried servants. When the church was altered and enlarged, the plans were drawn by Franck de la Roche. Mr. Frank Lowndes was register and resided on Bridge Street, near the old Bank of Columbia. This dwelling was like many others in the neighborhood, and has only recently been pulled down.

Francis Lowndes was one of the Common Council of Georgetown in 1840. In 1839 John Marbury, Sr., was president of the Union Bank. Messrs. Marbury, Read and Linthicum were members of the Board of Common Council in 1839.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For the following account I am indebted to the kindness of the *Catholic World Magazine:*

A REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNOR AND HIS FAMILY.

Amidst a number of old letters, tender and practical, there is one which, in spite of torn parchment and faded ink, still exhales a breath of romance. The writer, afterwards prominent socially and politically in the history of Maryland, then a youth scarcely more than twenty years of age, had nothing but his pleasing address and distinguished name to recommend him to the favor of Miss Mary Diggs, only child of Ignatious Diggs, Esq., of Melwood Park. Thomas Sim Lee was descended from a Norman family established in England at the Conquest. In America the Patriotism of Richard Henry Lee, Light-Horse Harry, and Robert Lee, of Arlington, is well known.

In England the Lees ranked among the gentry. As early as 1192 Lionel Lee, with his company of gentlemen cavaliers, accompanied Richard Coeur de Lion in the third Crusade and was created Earl of Litchfield for his gallant conduct at the siege of Acre. The pioneer of the family

in America was Richard Lee, a cavalier from Shropshire, who, some time in the reign of Charles I, went over to the Colony of Virginia as secretary and one of the King's Privy Council. He and Sir William Berkeley kept the colony to its allegiance during the civil war between Charles I and Cromwell. While Charles II was at Breda, Richard Lee went over and had a private conference with him in regard to the colony. On his return he and Berkeley succeeded in having Charles II proclaimed King of England, France, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia. In gratitude for his loyalty, on the Restoration Charles ordered the armies of Virginia to be added to those of England.

Philip Lee, the second son of this gentleman, crossed over into Maryland and became the founder of that branch of the family known as Maryland Lees. He was the grandfather of Thomas Sim Lee, the young aspirant to the hand of Miss Diggs and future Governor of Maryland.

Mr. Diggs, a wealthy proprietor of Prince George's County, Maryland, was owner of a superb estate and countless slaves and lived en-prince among the southern gentry of the period. His magnificent household was modeled upon those of England. Like the patrons of New Amsterdam, he was all powerful with his numerous dependents, to whom he administered justice. It is not surprising that young Lee, the favored lover of his "dear Mollie," without fortune or patrimony, should have been frowned upon by her father.

To add to their difficulties Mr. Diggs was an ardent Catholic, a friend of Lord Baltimore and bitterly opposed to the union of his daughter with one not of the same faith.

He obtained from the young lady a promise not to

marry without his consent; there ensued, in consequence, a stormy and fruitless courtship. In the meantime, Sir Robert Eaton, Governor of the Colony of Maryland and guardian of Lee, died. The young fellow thereupon threw up the office (clerk of Frederick County) which he had inherited from his father and sailed for England in the hope of easing his heart and mending his fortunes. Of his career there is little known, save the fact that he played whist at Bath with my Lord Chesterfield.

Through the influence of his uncle, Mr. Russell, an English merchant, he obtained a position in the East India Company, a guarantee of wealth in those days. The prospect of a still more distant separation from the object of his affection, however, made him hesitate, though the future appeared golden. He requested leave to defer his answer, and set sail for America, determined to try his fortune once more with Miss Diggs. To the consternation of the household, he arrived at Melwood and was again refused. In his perturbation, and somewhat appalled, no doubt, by the reproaches of the angry father, he was surprised into a falsehood of which he immediately repents. The note is written from the county town of Melwood Park. The handwriting is firm and clear in spite of the mental excitement under which he must have written. He carefully reproduced his letter before dispatching it and added to his copy a memorandum of the date of its deliverance. It is from this copy that we quote the following:

"UPPER MARLBORO, *August 3rd, 1771.*

"SIR: I have without design told you an untruth, and I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge it that things may be placed in a proper light. I want to take no advantage by deceiving you and I sincerely wish that

all who have interested themselves in the affairs of your daughter and myself had the same candor. This blunder, which I made yesterday has given me a great deal of uneasiness, and I would have willingly have rectified it immediately, but for your refusing your consent for me to marry Miss Diggs, and the great hurry you were in to leave me actually threw me into such confusion that I was deprived of utterance. You may recollect that you told me Miss Diggs had made and repeated a promise never to marry without your consent. Instead of my observing that she had told me of such a promise, I said I never asked her to marry me against your consent. I do now solemnly declare that I had no premeditated design of saying those words. No, its what my soul abhors. I hope this assertion of mine will gain credit with you when I ingeniously confess that I have applied and proposed your daughter to marry me without your consent; in justice to her, I now inform you that she has repeatedly and determinedly refused. I am, Sir, yr. Hble. Servant,

"THO. SIM LEE."

The original of this copy was sent to Mr. Diggs the 5th of August, 1771.

Whether this ingenious confession or the force of true love finally overcame the father's heart, history saith not. Lee was sent for, and having declared "in the most solemn and sacred manner, as soon as I shall be married to my dearest Mollie, I will make my will and order and direct that in case of my death in the minority of my children, they shall be educated in the faith of their mother," the lovers were united. Mr. Diggs presented them to each other, saying: "Mary will not marry without my consent, I can not force her to marry another,

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therefore you may have her." The engagement was short. They were married on the 27th of October, 1771, just two months after the repentant letter. Many letters remain in the handwriting of Thomas Sim Lee, but there are only a few fragments of Mrs. Lee's. In one of these her mind appears to be divided between her children's wardrobe and replying to the reproaches of her husband for not writing more frequently during his enforced absence.

"You that have no such object continually in yr sight as a poor sick child, and nothing to doe but to dress yrself visit the ladies in the afternoons or Receive visits, ought not to think much of 2 or 3 Letters to any one, do n't get any Nankeen for Nancy (Ignatius), if you have any money left that you intend to Lay out for him, Let it be in Linen what his shirts was made of is so bad that they are all to pieces alredy."

Lee was made Governor of Maryland in 1779, at the age of thirty-four, and was re-elected three times by the Legislature. He declined the last nomination, however, in compliance with his wife's wishes. The season at Annapolis was a heavy drain upon their income, which was royally spent, despite the Lee Motto: *Non incautus futuri.* Their fortunes suffered by contact with politics, however, *nous avons changé tout cela.*

After the Revolution Governor Lee was unanimously elected to the Senate from Maryland. He declined this office, as he did the appointment of commissioner of the City of Washington, offered to him by the first President. He also subsequently refused to be one of the framers of the Constitution, and steadfastly declined all other offices. He was greatly esteemed by General Washington, who placed in him the utmost confidence. At the opening of

the war between the colonies and England Governor Lee embraced the cause of liberty with ardor. He proved an able, energetic officer during that trying time, and organized a fine band of militia to protect the State from the British, who were endeavoring to land from the Chesapeake. At the close of the war General Washington, in a very flattering letter expressing a "high sense of the powerful aid which I have received from the State of Maryland, in complying with every request from the execution of it," informs Governor Lee of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and consigns to his care half of the prisoners taken thereby. This letter is one of the several still in the possession of his descendants. Mrs. Lee also united in her husband's zeal for the cause. To her General Washington also wrote, acknowledging with his usual grace "the patriotic exertions of the ladies of Maryland."

"PASSIC FALLS, *Oct. 11th, 1780.*

"MADAM:

"I am honored with your letter of the 27th of Sept., and can not forbear taking the earliest moment to express the high sense I entertain of the patriotic exertions of the ladies of Maryland in favor of the army. In answer to your enquiry respecting the disposal of the gratuity I must take the liberty to observe that it appears to me the money which has been or may be collected, can not be expended in so eligible and beneficial a manner as in purchase of shirts and stocks (black) for the use of the troops in the Southern army.

"The polite offer you are pleased to make of your further assistance in the execution of this liberal design and the generous disposition of the ladies insure me of its success, and can not fail to entitle both yourself and them

to the warmest gratitude to those who are the objects of it.

"I have the honor to be, madam,

"With highest respect and regard,

"Yr. most obdt. and H. Ser't,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"MRS. LEE."

The sympathy which Governor Lee felt for the colonies for their struggle estranged from him many friends and relatives who remained loyal to King George. His uncle, Richard Lee, the owner of Blenheim, Maryland, rebuked him severely for his political sentiments. When the colonial success became more assured, however, Mr. Lee gladly availed himself of his distinguished nephew's influence and applied for a guard of soldiers to protect his estate, whither they were promptly dispatched. It is not surprising that the proprietor of Blenheim should have been anxious for the preservation of his manor. It has been described as one of the handsomest country seats of Maryland or Virginia. The bricks employed in its construction were imported from England, as were also the superbly carved staircase and wainscoting. The splendors of Blenheim drew visitors from far and near, and the renowned woodwork suffered much from their mutilations. Unfortunately, this superb house was burned with all its treasures. A second mansion, which is said to be of interest, though not so beautiful as the former, was built upon the same site. It may be of interest to mention here that Blenheim, England, the country seat of the Duke of Marlborough, was formerly tenanted by Sir Henry Lee. He was the keeper of the royal domain of Woodstock during the time of Charles I, and his son whom the fair Alice Lee aided in his flight from the

Round-Heads. Marlborough's palace of Blenheim has superseded the interesting old pile, the last of whose towers was destroyed by gun powder in obedience to the commands of his indefatigable duchess.

A romantic story is told of Richard Lee's son, Philip Lee, who, during a sojourn in England, had unwittingly won the heart of his cousin, Miss Russell. Unconscious of the young lady's affection, he started to make the conventional "grand tour," and returned from his travels to find her dangerously ill. The physicians having explained that a return to health would be rapid had she the will to recover, her anxious parents entreated Philip to find out the secret that stood in the way of her convalescence. He accordingly catechised the sick girl gently and with much sympathy. At length he ventured to inquire if she were brooding over some love affair, the hero of which might not be acceptable to her parents, assuring her warmly, that if such were the case he was convinced that it might be brought to a happy conclusion. Miss Russell blushed and replied that she was troubled by nothing of the kind. His questions soon pressed so closely that the poor girl, having no longer the strength to resist, exclaimed in despair, "If you will know the truth, Phil, then, to use the words of Nathan, 'Thou art the man.'" This revelation was somewhat startling to the eager interlocutor and the denouement natural. Miss Russell regained her health and spirits and became Mrs. Philip Lee, of Blenheim.

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CHAPTER XIX.

GOVERNOR LEE, some years after his marriage, moved to Western Maryland, where land was thought more fertile than on the Eastern Shore and was to be had at a much lower rate. In the depth of winter he set out to Frederick Town, drove in a sleigh thence with his little sons for fifteen miles until he reached Needwood Forest, the house of Parson Booth. According to a tradition in the family, the fences were entirely buried, and the whole landscape was one vast mantle of snow. Mr. Booth, a clergyman of the Church of England, afterwards called to the Protestant Episcopal Church, Maryland, owned some two thousand acres of forest land upon which he had built himself a small house. Little is known of this missionary priest of the Church except that he was of the family of Lord Delamere, and appeared suddenly in the wilds of Maryland, leaving in England a wife and six sons, five

of whom were afterwards drowned on their way to America. His household at Needwood consisted of two maiden ladies, some students, and an innumerable retinue of cats.

Governor Lee, on his arrival, was greeted by the sight of this feline multitude dining luxuriously from a horse trough filled with milk. Farmers long preserved their memory with gratitude, for during their reign of many years, barn rats were an unknown quantity. Mr. Booth had established a flourishing school at Needwood, which was for some time one of foremost places of instruction in the South. Southern gentlemen of the period who were not educated abroad, or by tutors, were sent to Needwood Forest. They came on horseback from the most remote districts.

Mr. Allston, who married the charming and unfortunate daughter of Aaron Burr, studied here, having ridden all the way from Charleston; Judge Purviance of Baltimore, Judge Bushrod Washington, nephew of General Washington, and many eminent men were educated by the English parson.

Governor Lee purchased the entire property, and Mr. Booth, moving still farther west,

crossed the mountains into Washington County. In addition to the estate of Parson Booth, Governor Lee bought other tracts of land in the same neighborhood from various Scotch and English syndicates, uniting them under the name of "Needwood Forest."

Among his purchases was a little piece of land running to the Potomac, rejoicing in the name of "Maryland Tract." The origin of this title, according to popular theory, is due to the fact that the land once belonged to a merry set of people whose gay lives were thus deemed worthy of record. It is more probable, however, that the surveyors, whose fancy occasionally ran riot in the bestowing of the names on the vast lands they surveyed, are accountable for the title.

Another tract belonged to Governor Lee and still bears the name of "The Lost Pen and Ink." The gentlemen of the survey having parted with their writing materials, chose thus to perpetuate the memory of their misfortunes.

On the close of his official life, Governor Lee established his winter home in Georgetown, where his home was for a long time the headquarters of the Federal party. He, how-

ever, devoted the greater part of the year to his Needwood farm, returning to Georgetown late in the fall. His daughter says in a letter to Mrs. Quincy: "We shall not leave Needwood until late in November. My father, who farms for revenue as well as amusement, finds it requisite to remain until he disposes of the fruits of his industry." Governor Lee tore down the house of Parson Booth and built himself a simple country house in the style of an English cottage. His estate lay at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in Middletown Valley, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of Maryland. The valley and the surrounding country, in addition to their beauty and fertility, have become famous since the late war. Harper's Ferry, noted alike for the grandeur of its scenery and of the capture of John Brown, is within a few miles of "Needwood," while to the north, at a short distance, is Crampton's Gap, a pass held by McClellan. The latter established his headquarters near the home of Governor Lee and was there frequently entertained during his occupation of the valley. Still farther to the north of "Needwood" rises

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the great mass of South Mountain, over which passes the western high-road disputed so fiercely by the troops of the rival armies until the bloody battle of Antietam was fought, about a mile from the summit of the mountain. For the purpose of social life, however, "Needwood" was but poorly equipped. Frederick, the nearest town, was fifteen miles away. Mr. Clerc-Lee, a gentleman greatly attached to the Governor, was the only person within several miles. He had bought land adjoining "Needwood" and built himself a house solely for the purpose of being near Governor Lee. The frequent and protracted absence of the latter, however, finally discouraged his friend, who, finding forest life rather dreary, returned with his family to the more inspiriting scenes of Charles County, then a fashionable part of Maryland. The departure of this family left Governor Lee and his household completely isolated. Governor Lee now turned his whole attention to farming, and took great pride in his lands, which became famous for their fertility. Writing to his daughter, Miss Eliza Lee, then married and living in

Wilmington, he says: "Some ladies and gentlemen came from Baltimore yesterday to see 'Needwood Farm.' Can you boast of one in Delaware that possesses such attractions? My wheat stands higher than the fences, which, as you know, are not low, and my crop has a beautiful health and a regular appearance which is probably not exceeded by any in the State."

For years after Governor Lee's death "Needwood" was still noted. We find in an old newspaper a letter from a correspondent who had been stopping near there in which he remarks: "The descendants of Governor Lee form a circle as remarkable for their refinement and cultivation as their lands are famous for productiveness and fertility." The politician had become so absorbed in the farmer that Governor Lee's heart was divided between patriotism and the fluctuations of the agricultural market. During the war of 1812 he appears to be depressed, but hastens to add: "The prospect of peace, or even a good market for flour and beef, would cheer me," and again, "We expect to hear of peace every day, and a high price for everything

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that should be high." He owned a fine body of slaves, two hundred in all, the majority of whom were well-trained laborers. He was attached to many of them, though some "perplexed and plagued him." In a letter he described one Robin, who, after a long illness, "went off like a snuff of an exhausted candle." He never took a dose of physic during the course of a long life. "When I told him that a doctor should be called he warmly objected, declaring his belief that I knew as well as the doctor what was proper for him, from which we may clearly infer that he had not a greater reliance upon the skill of the faculty than Mr. Madison seems to have."

Though no longer active in politics, Governor Lee still followed with interest the movements of the Federal party, of which he had formerly been a prominent member. In the fall of 1812 he congratulates himself upon the prospect of the country becoming Federal: "A great meeting is soon to take place at which arrangements will be made, I presume, to make the wished-for change. Of two evils it seems best to take the least. Madison and

the Jefferson crew ought in all events to be discarded, but Clinton, this De Witt Clinton, I like not that Jacobinical fellow." Mrs. Lee died in 1805 and was sincerely mourned by her husband. He has written the following inscription in a volume of Thomas A'Kempis, given to his wife by Prince Galtizin, the Russian convert to the Roman Catholic Church, known throughout this country by the humble name of Father Smith: "The gift of the Reverend Mr. Smith to Mary Lee, 1788, passed by the ever-to-be-lamented death of my beloved wife to me, her inconsolable husband, Thomas S. Lee." He had joined the Roman Catholic Church some years before his wife's death, having once made a vow to do so when she was dangerously ill. As a tribute to the memory of her who had been his intelligent and faithful companion during more than thirty years of married life, Governor Lee built a church which he named St. Mary's, in "honor of my dearly beloved wife, your sainted mother." This building remained in the possession of the family until 1829. The Roman Catholic bishops assembled in Baltimore and there decided that the

titles of all churches should be vested in the diocesan, on account of a great scandal caused by troubles in New Orleans. The owners of the cathedral there threatened to use it for other purposes, brought the matter before the courts, where the famous law suit was at length decided against them in 1842.

After the marriage of the eldest daughter, Miss Eliza Lee, who had been his friend and companion always, but more particularly since the death of his wife, Governor Lee remained closely at "Needwood," which he was loath to leave even for short visits to his daughter and her family, urging in one letter as a sufficient regret, the uncomfortable and unsuitable fashions of the period. "Golden will make my clothes fashionable, do or say as I may, but I can not wear them high in the neck, short-waisted and flying off at the sides." Governor Lee died in 1819, at the age of seventy-four, leaving his estate to be divided equally between his children. There are now, March, 1898, four country seats within the radius of one mile bearing the name of "Needwood." Three of these belong to his descendants, who at present

own about fifteen hundred acres of the original three thousand. The old homestead built by Governor Lee has passed into other hands. Unfortunately, there exists no portrait of him. It is thought that he had a great distaste to being painted. He is said to have been a remarkably handsome man, standing six feet four inches, and magnificently proportioned. Frederick still preserves the memory of his superb appearance as he marched through the town at the head of the Maryland militia to assist the Governor of Pennsylvania to crush the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. His sons were all fine looking men, none of them being under six feet. In 1824 Peale, writing to John Lee, Esq., youngest son of Governor Lee, says that he has "an engagement to paint portraits of the governors elected in the State of Maryland since the change of Government. I am desirous to know if there is a portrait in your family of Governor Lee and whether I may have the favor of making a copy." There being no portrait, the artist suggested that William Lee, the eldest son, should sit for the painting, which would be placed in An-

napolis as that of Thomas Sim Lee. Unlike an enterprising Marylander, however, who recently sat for all the portraits of his ancestors, male and female, William declined to personate his father.

The estate of Melwood Park, which fell to the children of Governor Lee, was sold that the property might be divided among the heirs. Governor Lee left six children, four sons and two daughters. His eldest son, William, lived the greater portion of his life at "Needwood," where he built himself a house, and where he was at one time the host of the charming Mrs. Lewis (Molly Custis). Archibald Lee, another son, was a charming and accomplished man of the world. He spent most of his time in England, where he was a great favorite. Among his papers there are a number of letters from eminent people whose autographs alone would make the correspondence interesting. Invitations to famous country houses, personal orders from Ponsonby and Sir John Sinclair for debates in the House of Lords, a note signed John Kemble, one requesting the pleasure of his company in a drive to Bath from Thomas

Weld, Esq., letters of friendship from Lord Lansdowne, Henry David Erskine, son of the famous Baron Erskine, "the most consummate advocate of his age"; several from William Pinckney, then minister to London, and two from Lucien Bonaparte. These are both written from Thornegrove, Worcestershire, where he was detained by the English, who treated him as a prisoner. In the one he expressed his great desire to reach America, *ce pays dont la politique me tient 'éloigné * * * J'espèree quelque jour que nous y reverrons et que nous bénirons ensemble l' heureuse terre où on jouit de la liberté civile et politique.*" In another address to Archibald Lee, *citoyen Américan*, he begs Mr. Lee to stop at Thorngrove on his way to London. Bonaparte wishes to discuss a project of sending to Philadelphia some of his effects, whose value he places at fifty thousand pounds sterling, and which were then awaiting embarkation at Civita Vecchia, from whence he had himself set sail to escape from the exasperation of Napoleon, when he was captured by a British cruiser, "*je ne doute Pasque tôt où tard on ne me laisse continuer*

MRS. CHARLOTTE GRAHAME PATTERSON, NÉE NICOLS

From a Painting by Sully about 1823

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ma route vers la nouvelle patrie que J' ai adoptée et en attendant, je voudrais y envoyer ce qui m'appartient, comme malgú ma detention Je me regarde de Jà comme votre concitoyen. Je compte sur votre obligeance, et je serais bien aise de causer avec vous de cet objet-Agreez, je vous prie, mes salutations amicales."

Miss Eliza D. Lee, her father's eldest and much-loved daughter, presided over his establishment during eleven years after the death of her mother. As the head of her father's house in Georgetown, she came in contact with all the brilliant and distinguished men of the day. She was a great favorite with Mrs. Quincy, who, writing to a friend in Boston, says, "Eliza Lee, at the head of her father's establishment in Georgetown, has long commanded general admiration by her highly cultivated mind and graceful and attractive manner."

We find the following passage on the admiration which Miss Lee excited in a letter from a friend of hers: "You, I am told, have been the idol of the winter. The woman who has the power to draw Mr. Randolph away from

Miss Caton must calculate on the hatred of her own sex and the admiration of the other."

Mrs. Quincy, on her return North, where, as she expresses it, she is "at last in the midst of the paternal acres, and among shades and scenes consecrated by recollections full of gratitude and tenderness," writes to her dear Miss Lee, "In all this restored happiness we think of you all, and charm our enquiring friends with the story of your worth and kindness," etc.

Her signature occurs frequently in Miss Lee's correspondence, as also that of Josiah Quincy. In one place the latter writes regretting that he may not accompany her on a riding expedition which they had planned together.

I am denied after all the privilege of being your and Miss Teackle's cavalier to-morrow, as I promised myself; a lighter carriage than my own cannot be obtained, and this requires my whole stock of cavalry and deprives me of my stud, which is a death-blow to my knightly pretensions. Will you convey my lamentations to Miss Teackle. Be assured that whether on the spur or the wheel, I am, very respectfully, Yr. Hble. S——

JOSIAH QUINCY.

I am supported in this disappointment by being informed that you have a devoted cavalier at your command.

MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE

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Among other writers are Mrs. Madison, John Randolph of Roanoke, Colonel Pickering, etc. Mr. Randolph frequently invites Miss Lee's attention to various reviews, hoping she "will not find them wholly devoid of interest." Colonel Pickering sends a sermon with the following words: "The enclosed sermon, on the signs of the times, which Col. Pickering received last night, and has just read, he presents to Miss Lee." An unusual present to a young lady, but not the less acceptable to her serious and reflecting mind.

Miss Lee married the Hon. Outerbridge Horsey, Senator from Delaware, Mr. Randolph officiating as groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Horsey eventually settled upon the part of Governor Lee's estate which she inherited, and which still bears the name of "Needwood." The descendants of Governor Lee and Charles Carroll of Carrollton intermarried several times, thus cementing by a more intimate connection the friendship of their ancestors. John Lee, the youngest son, for several years Member of Congress from Maryland, married Harriet Carroll, granddaughter to the signer, while her brother, Colonel Carroll, married

Mary Diggs Lee. The mother of Mrs. John Lee was Harriet Chew of Philadelphia, one of the beauties of her day. She is represented leaning upon the arm of General Washington in the famous painting of Martha Washington's.

It is said that Mr. Carroll went to Philadelphia to address another lady, whose charms were, however, completely effaced by the sight of Miss Chew. He left the city an engaged man, without having once thought of her for whose sake he had undertaken this trip. Colonel Carroll's wife (Miss Lee) had been intimately associated, before her marriage, with the beautiful Misses Caton, about whom so much has been written. In a letter to one of her relations Miss Lee speaks thus of the eldest of the sisters, who married, first, the brother of Madame Bonaparte (née Patterson), and afterwards the Marquis of Wellesley. Madame Jerome Bonaparte was the niece of Mrs. Thomas Mackall (née Ann Grahame, a descendant of the Earl of Montrose:

You can form no idea of the change that has taken place in Mrs. Patterson; her whole soul is absorbed in religion. * * * I always went into the chapel (Doughre-

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ghan Manor) at half-past five in the morning, and invariably would find her already there. She told me last month, in speaking of England, that she reflects with the greatest remorse upon her dissipation while there, and that no consideration would induce her to return again; that her only wish now was to atone for the follies of her past life. Mrs. Patterson showed me all her correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, besides a variety of letters from other great people in England in which they spoke of her loss, not only to individuals, but to the nation. After reading these letters, all of which were filled with compliments, she told me that she had not shown them to me out of vanity, but to prove to me that if she had loved the world too much, she had been more excusable than most women.

The fascinations of England evidently triumphed over Mrs. Patterson's religious determination to atone for the follies of her past life. After the death of her first husband, his fair widow yielded to the solicitations of her admirers and returned to England to console the nation for her loss. She married the Marquis of Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland, an elder brother to the Duke of Wellington, her great friend and admirer. Lady Wellesley then entered upon a career of conquest, and, together with her beautiful sisters, Lady Strafford and the Duchess of Leeds, was for many years the reigning toast.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG the early benefactors of Georgetown Mr. Henry Foxhall, of Monmouthshire, England, deserves a place in history. His earliest American Home was in Philadelphia, where he was partner in the Eagle Iron Works of Robert Morris, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Foxhall's home in Georgetown was on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near the Aqueduct Bridge. His summer residence, known as "Spring Hill," which consisted of sixty or seventy acres, situated just west of Georgetown College, is still owned by his descendants. Five generations ago, Mr. Foxhall built an interesting old home on Dumbarton Avenue, which he presented to his daughter, Mary Anne McKenney, as a wedding present, and which is now occupied by his granddaughter, the wife of Lieutenant Charles McCartney. The family have many rare and beautiful pieces of

old china and glass, and among other things a clock that belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette. The greatest curiosity of all is dusky old Aunt Minta, who thought it wiser to feed the cats from Canton china, because "dem plates was so ole," rather than use the new. Among the things that deserve special mention is an exquisite watch of rare workmanship, manufactured near the middle of the seventeenth century, which came into Mr. Foxhall's possession nearly a century back through a mysterious stranger, who left it as a token of gratitude and esteem for many benefits received, and stated that it was a family heirloom. The watch is exquisitely enameled and encircled with 278 brilliants. It is supposed that the donor was one of the exiled noblemen who fled to this country during the reign of terror, and when one considers how costly even ordinary watches were in those days, and then note the extreme beauty and richness of this, sparkling with gems, one must conclude that the original owner was a person of distinction as well as of enormous wealth.

Following the declaration of the war of

1812, Mr. Foxhall secured a contract for the manufacture of cannon and other munitions of war for the Government, and at the time of the invasion it was well understood that, being an Englishman, Mr. Foxhall was especially obnoxious to invaders and that his foundry (the only one south of Philadelphia) was included in their plan of destruction.

At the time allotted for this purpose there came down upon the vicinity a cyclone of most destructive violence; houses were unroofed, chimneys prostrated and new roadways were cut through the forests, marking distinctly the path of the turbulent visitor. On the subsidence of the storm it was discovered that the enemy had retired, leaving the Foxhall family unmolested. Mr. Foxhall regarded the storm as a Providential intervention, and being a local elder of the M. E. Church of Georgetown, on which many of the citizens of Washington were dependent for church privileges, he concluded to build a church that would not only meet the religious needs of such, but also remain an enduring expression of his gratitude to God for signal deliverance He had wrought out for him. To consummate

this well-conceived plan, he selected the desirable lot at the corner of 14th and G Streets, northwest, and erected thereon a substantial brick church, 40 by 60 feet, after the most approved model for Methodist churches of that day, and although inherently opposed to pews in the house of God, he had the seatings in the southeast angle of the audience chamber fitted up with pew inclosures for the special use of the President and his family. The 15th of September, 1815, it was dedicated, Rev. Nicholas Sheathen officiating. In due time Mr. Foxhall deeded the premises in fee to certain trustees "for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of North America, and to be forever known and distinguished as the Foundry Chapel." This noble gift was well timed and highly prized by its recipients, for at that time there was not a church in the City of Washington west of 15th Street, save the Friends' Meeting House and the First Baptist Church.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ah ! if the veil of time could only be lifted, that we might read more clearly the lives of our distinguished people ; but, alas, time rolls on, and the shadows grow fainter and fainter, until only tiny sparks remain where once bright lights shone.

Dr. Heigh Blake, a prominent physician of the town, was born in Calvert County, Maryland, June 11, 1768. He studied and graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1789 ; moved to Georgetown, and resided on the corner of Congress and Gay streets. He was for many years Mayor of Washington, and held that position in 1814, when the British invaded the Capital. Dr. Blake's sister Glorvina married William Gordon, Sr., who was descended from the old well-known Maryland family. William Gordon was a graduate of West Point Military Academy and for nearly fifty years a principal

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

civil officer of the War Department. About this time Dr. Worthington came to Georgetown and built a handsome home on Prospect Street, which is now owned by Commodore Karney's family. The Worthingtons afterwards moved to Georgetown Heights and bought Leonard Mackall's place, which is now owned by Mrs. Philip, née Worthington. Dr. N. W. Worthington was elected Secretary of the National Medical Convention, which met in the City Hall, Washington, D. C., in 1840.

Dr. Schoaf appeared on the scene about that time, and lived on First Street in the house now owned by the Barber heirs. The site of the New Observatory belonged to Benjamin Mackall, who sold it to Mr. Cornelius Barber for five thousand dollars. This place brought sixty-one thousand when sold to the Observatory, and a part of the original tract was reserved.

Dr. John Snyder, whose wife was Sophia Tayloe, of the Ogle family, about whom so much has been written, was another physician of the town.

CHAPTER XXII.

In those early days Messrs. Thomas I. Davis, Elisha Riggs, Francis Dodge, Darius Claggett, Alexander Ray, Edward Magruder Linthicum, William W. Corcoran and George Peabody were merchants of Georgetown who accumulated wealth. The last three mentioned left handsome gifts to the town. Mr. Peabody was born in Danvers, Mass.; he came a poor boy, and clerked in a store in Georgetown which still stands on the northwest corner of Thirty-second and M streets. He afterwards went to Baltimore, where the foundation of his enormous wealth was laid. In 1835 he went to London to negotiate the sale of $8,000,000 worth of bonds for the State of Maryland; his commission of $200,000 he turned back into the State Treasury. Two years later he went to London and established a banking house. He gave largely of his wealth, and many have cause to revere his

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

name. In 1867 Mr. Peabody put into the hands of Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Anthony Hyde the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, as a fund to start a free library for the town. The fund was allowed to accumulate until 1872, when a sum of fifty thousand dollars, given by Mr. Linthicum, for a free school, was added, and a handsome building erected. The trustees of the Linthicum fund were Dr. Joshua Riely, Josiah Dent, William L. Dunlop, William A. Gordon, Jr., and William Laird, Jr. (who was Cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank for many years. Clement Smith was first president of this bank; Robert Reed was president from 1850 until 1862, and was highly esteemed by everybody).

Mr. Peabody gave largely to the second Grinnell Arctic expedition. His gifts for the establishment of lodging-houses for the poor of London amounted to $2,500,000. He gave $3,500,000 to promote education in the South. Libraries and art galleries in many places stand as memorials to his philanthropy. Gladstone said of him: "He taught the world how a man may be master of his fortune, and not its slave." He resided in London, and

was noted for his handsome entertainments; among the prominent people who were his guests was the Duke of Wellington.

Mr. William Hunter, who was Assistant Secretary of State for many years, married Miss Smith, and lived in Smith Row on First Street.

*The following is the description of a seal made by the tall, red-headed bean-stalk, Thomas Jefferson, as the Great Seal of the United States, when he was thirty-two years old. He said it was not all original, but contained also the ideas of Adams, and Franklin, the same as the Declaration of Independence did. You know how Jefferson could always use the ideas of other people as well as his own, and make them appear as fresh and bright as if just coined at the mint of his own brain.

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Jefferson was sixty-six years of age when he closed his Presidential term in 1809. He was elected President of the United States in 1801, died at Monticello, Va., July, 1826.

At the time Jefferson was Secretary of State in 1792 under President Washington, he resided in Georgetown, on the street called by his name. The house is situated on the east side of the street, directly south of the canal,

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

and can be seen to-day. Mr. Jefferson, when he was President of the United States, contributed seventy-five dollars to an enlargement of the Presbyterian Church in Georgetown. He also subscribed to St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Georgetown, of which he was a member.

Why the "White House" is so called:

The Executive Mansion was built of Virginia freestone, obtained from the quarry at Aquia Creek, and originally was not white. During the year 1814, the British took the city of Washington, and burned a portion of it. The President's house was transformed from a splendid residence into a smoking ruin. It is true the walls were left standing, but they were blackened and greatly defaced by the fire and smoke. When the war closed the walls of the mansion were retained and in rebuilding, were painted white. It then took the name "White House" and has been known by that name from that time to the present day.

The beautiful grounds on which the mansion stands were part of the estate of Colonel Thomas Johns, whose wife was Sarah Hollyday. The old flat grave stones of the Hollyday family, are to be found in a good state of preservation at Brookfield in lower Maryland. These stones were brought from England

many, many years ago; and have the Armorial Bearing of the family cut upon them. Thomas Johns was the son of Richard Johns and Margaret Crabb.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. ADAMS' letter to her daughter, written from Washington, 27th November, 1800:

The vessel which has my clothes and other matters is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room. I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house, nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many were broken, by the removal; among the number my tea china is more than half missing. My rooms are very pleasant and warm whilst the doors of the hall are closed. You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness city I should find my time so occupied as it is. My visitors come, some of them, three and four miles. To return one of them is the work of a day. Mrs. Otis, my nearest neighbor, is at lodgings almost a half a mile from me; Mrs. Senator Otis, two miles. We have all been very well as yet. If we can, by any means, get wood we shall not let our fires go out, but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some say it will fall, but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants.

It is pleasant, at times, to give away to one's reminiscences, and suffer them to lead

the mind back to by-gone days. The advent of a new Congress, under circumstances favorable to the progress of this great Nation, naturally recalls to memory what the condition of our Federal city was, when, under the Constitution and the law, it became the seat of the General Government. The wild and desolate face which the site of our infant metropolis then wore, compared with the smiling and cheerful looks in which it now welcomes its numerous visitors, presents a striking contrast, which, however, may be considered as but a type of the growth and improvement of the Republic. Not doubting that our readers will be willing to be relieved, for a brief moment, from the consideration of graver matters, that have already been presented from official sources to the consideration of the assembled wisdom of the Nation, we invite them to accompany us in viewing the very different circumstances under which the Congress of 1800 found themselves, when placed under the legal necessity of coming together in an unbuilt city, from those happier auspices under which they have now repaired to the same city in discharge of their official duties.

For ten years anterior to the removal of the public offices to this place the City of Washington had already been designated, on the statute book, as the permanent seat of Government of the United States; but it is traditionally known that the area of Washington then scarcely contained five hundred inhabitants, most of the houses being mere cabins, erected for the temporary accommodation of laborers.

It was not until the year 1800 that the Government was actually transferred from Philadelphia. In the June of that year Mr. Oliver Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, taking time by the forelock, came to "the city" that he might ascertain whether the building which had been erected for the accommodation of his Department would suffice for that purpose. On the 4th of July he addressed a letter to Mrs. Wolcott in which he thus describes his first impressions of the city:

I will write this letter in the building erected for the use of the Treasury Department in the city of Washington; and this being a day of leisure, I shall be able to give you some idea of this famous place, the permanent seat of American Government.

The City of Washington, or at least some parts of it, is about forty miles from Baltimore. The situation is pleasant, and indeed beautiful; the prospects are equal to those which are called good on Connecticut River. The soil here is called good, but I call it bad. It is an exceedingly stiff reddish clay, which becomes dust in dry and mortar in rainy weather.

The President's house was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupant an object of ridicule with some, and of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants.

The Capitol is situated on an eminence, which I should suppose, was near the center of the city. It is a mile and a half from the President's house. There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting, but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly excluded from society. The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will, I think, be found in Georgetown, three miles distant, over as bad a road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford. I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than a half a mile.

There are, in fact, but few houses, at any one place, and most of them small miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. All of the ground for several miles around the city being, in the opinion of the people, too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced. There are

but few enclosures even for gardens, and those are in bad order. You may look in almost any direction, over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or any object except brick-kilns and temporary huts for laborers.

Greenleaf's Point presents the appearance of a considerable town which had been destroyed by some unusual calamity. There are at Greenleaf's Point fifty or sixty spacious houses, five or six of which are occupied by negroes and vagrants, and a few more decent working people,—but there are no fences, gardens, nor the least appearance of business. This place is about a mile and a half south of the Capitol.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRESIDENT ADAMS (the elder) arrived here with his family in November of the same year. On the 25th of the month Mrs. Adams wrote to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, as follows :

Arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty ; but woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is only in name. Here and there is a small hut, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it, but as they are, I see no great comfort for them.

The President's house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep

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the apartments in proper order and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables ; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the parlors to kitchen and chambers, is a tax indeed, and the fires we are obliged to keep up to secure us from daily agues, is another cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle and render less attendance, necessary bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and the City have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits. If they put me up bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires I design to be pleased. But surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people can not be found to cut and cart it. We have indeed come into a new country. The house is made hospitable, and there is not a single apartment finished and all within side, except the plastering, has been done since B. came. We have not the least fence, yard or convenience without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in.

If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government had been improved, as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it.

An old friend near us, who was familiar with the city as far back as 1800, and for many years before, tells us that Pennsylvania

Avenue, between the Capitol and the President's house, was at that time a perfect quagmire ; that this indeed was one of the principal inducements of the engineer, L' Enfant, to make it the great thoroughfare, believing that nothing but dire necessity would prompt the citizens of the Government to fill up and improve it. He assures us that he has seen Mrs. Adams' carriage, with four horses in it, floundering for hours in the difficult attempt to make any way through the deep viscous mud of this road. Pedestrians had no such difficulty to encounter, for, even before the arrival of Congress, a path had been constructed on the south side of the Avenue of rough stones, raised about three feet above the mud and made just wide enough for two persons to pass each other. Along this footway President Adams was to be seen every fair day taking his solitary walk and courteously saluting every person he met, gentle or simple.

Among those whom Mrs. Wolcott called "decent-looking people" then residing at Greenleaf's Point, was William Cranch, a near relative of President Adams and one of

the several judges appointed at the close of the session, and the only one, we believe, who still holds that appointment, at the end of fifty-three years. He had been a resident of the "future city" some years before that period and had acquired a respect and esteem which passing years have served to increase and confirm.

In addition to the "one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol" mentioned by Mr. Wolcott and then kept by Mr. Stelle, there was also a commodious and excellent boarding house a few rods further east, in a building erected by Mr. Sewall, and which a few years afterwards was occupied as a private dwelling by Mr. Gallatin while Secretary of the Treasury. An English traveller by the name of Weld, who passed through Washington about the time of the removal of the seat of Government from Philadelphia, on his return to England published an account of his travels through the United States, containing the following passages touching the Federal City:

On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City, the identical spot on which

the Capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome. To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles in order to see a next door neighbor, and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe a novel circumstance.

A well-known British bard introduces the first of these paragraphs in a note to the line, "Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome," which occurs in his poetic epistle to Mr. Hume, dated "from the City of Washington." To the often-quoted line, "And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now," the poet has the following note: "A little stream that runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation they have styled Tiber. It was originally called "Goose Creek." Mr. Weld had said very truly that the original location of the ground was called Rome. His authority for saying so was, no doubt, an old chart or plot of ground, still extant, and of a date long anterior to the first dream of allotting it "for the seat of the Federal City."

On the same ancient chart the "little stream that runs through the city" is very naturally

MRS. FANNIE FINCH

The Three-fold Great-grandniece of Gen. George Washington and his nearest living relative—she was also a Three-fold relative of the General's Wife

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"styled the Tiber," the two names being almost inseparably associated in the minds of those at all acquainted with Roman history or with Shakespeare. So that if there was any "intolerable affectation" in using these two high-sounding names, it was chargeable to the original grantor of the land, and not to any individual connected with the Federal City. The only name changed was that of Rome to the far greater one of Washington. The Tiber was left as it was found.

The second passage from Mr. Weld is given in a note to the following lines from the same epistle :

> "This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
> Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
> With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn ;
> Though nought but wood and wilderness they see
> Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

To the passages already given from Mr. Weld's Travels the poet adds his own testimony as follows :

> The Federal City (if it must be called a City) has not much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings which were then in some degree of forwardness, have since then been utterly suspended. The

hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long a waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

This description of our city towards the close of 1803 can hardly be said to have been exaggerated. Whatever there may be in the poetry, there is no resort to the poetic license in the prose of the author. The hotel he speaks of was the large building situated where the General Post Office now stands, then commonly known by the name of "Blodgett's Hotel." It had been intended as one of the high prizes in what was called "Blodgett's Lottery"; but the scheme failed, and the building remained unfinished. Even so late as 1807 it was occupied, as it had been in 1803, by the European employés on the

public buildings. Every room in it, from attic to the cellars, was the home of a different family. It was afterwards purchased by the Government and fitted up for the temporary accommodation of Congress after the burning of the Capitol, and before the larger and more convenient edifice put up by private enterprise on Capitol Hill could be made ready for their reception. Its future history need not be traced.

The "rude pale" which encircled the President's House might have been called, without a pun, stylish when compared with the worm-fence which enclosed the Capitol then and for several years thereafter. We may fancy what the poet would have said of the "Sage of Monticello," if he had seen him, as we have often seen him, riding up unattended to this fence, hitch his horse to one of the stakes, and either walk into the building to hold familiar chat with some of his many friends or amuse himself by looking at the slow progress of workmen sawing or trimming the stone.

The City Post-Office, at the early period of which we are speaking, was a small wooden

structure of one story, consisting of a single room about ten by twelve feet, situated on the southwest corner of the square opposite the eastern enclosure, as it now stands, of the Capitol. It was placed there for the convenience of members of Congress, who constituted a large majority of those who held correspondence with other parts of the Union. To accommodate citizens, the greater part of whom lived at a distance varying from one to three miles from the Post-Office, a penny post was employed. The man performed the duty of delivery on horseback, and such was the frequently miry state of the various streets or roads over which he was obliged to travel, that he was sometimes two days in accomplishing the task. He made money enough by his office to build several good houses, which are still standing as monuments to his industry and economy.

MISS LYDIA S. ENGLISH

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE account of Miss Lydia S. English's Seminary for Young Ladies will recall to many of my readers happy hours spent within the old historic walls. The seminary was founded in 1826, very much in opposition to her father's wishes, who consequently declined to help her in any way. She was only sixteen years of age when she started this undertaking. Miss English did not find it quite comfortable at home, her father having married the second time. She therefore determined to strike out for herself. The school opened with only three scholars. Their names were Jane Wham, Eliza Henderson and Miss Perry. Mr. Cassin was extremely kind in assisting Miss English. His son, William Cassin, afterwards became a prominent lawyer of the town and married Mittie Tyler, the daughter of Dr. Grafton Tyler. The school grew rapidly; girls from the highest social

position came from all parts of the United States, many of their fathers being Senators and Members of Congress. Daniel Webster's niece, the niece of Edmund Everett, the great American statesman and orator ; Miss Chisam of South Carolina, Miss Annan of Winchester, Mrs. Robert Peter, née Johnston, a near relative of Governor Johnston of Frederick, Maryland, and a niece of Judge Dunlop of Georgetown ; Mrs. Dr. French, and Miss Porter, sister of Commodore Porter, were among the teachers. There is in existence a list of Miss English's pupils containing about eighteen hundred names. The school used to be the delight of the young men of the town, who worried poor Miss English very much, especially when she took the young ladies for a walk.

Every year, on the first day of May, she would have a grand May festival and coronation of three queens and three kings. Each queen would be preceded by two little crown bearers and attended by twenty-four maids of honor. The whole town would be invited to these celebrations, and there would be speeches by prominent men, and a whole band furnished

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the music. In the evening there would be a grand ball in a room built for that purpose adjoining the school; later in the evening the guests would enjoy a handsome supper. It was astonishing what control Miss English exercised over the girls. The young ladies were required to write compositions at stated intervals. On one occasion, just before the close of the school for summer vacation, Jesse Benton (daughter of the United States Senator), who was noted for being a troublesome girl and not for beauty, became impatient waiting for the teacher and wrote a piece of poetry, which I do not care to repeat, but which is still fresh in the memory of many of the old scholars. The poetry was very derogatory to Miss English and was reported by the teacher, which caused great disturbance, and although the young lady's "trunk was packed and in the hall, waiting for the porter's call," she was made to remain at the school a week longer.

Old Aunt Abby, a big, jolly, old-fashioned darkey, was a very important factor in the school, and always wore a uniform of bright blue linsey, with short sleeves, faced with

broad bands of white, a kerchief, apron and turban of white, which she wore summer and winter, no matter how cold. One of her occupations was to sit behind the parlor door when the young ladies had gentlemen friends visiting them. Incidentally she would be found napping. I can see the picture of Miss English and Aunt Abby, with lighted candle, running about the building at night to scare away the young men ; but, notwithstanding their vigilance, occasionally a rope with a basket attached would be lowered from one of the third-story windows by the young ladies and filled with good things by the young men. On the corner diagonally across from the school stood an old pump, where the young men of the town were very fond of getting a drink, because they frequently saw the young ladies at the windows. One young man, who was very bashful, but very fond of watching the girls, used to drink and drink ; at last it became quite a joke. One day the girls determined to see how long he would remain ; they therefore took turns to watch, and the poor man pretended to be drinking the entire day.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

A celebrated place on Georgetown Heights was "Evermay." Its name suits it well. Mr. Samuel Davidson, its former owner, evidently was much opposed to the boys of the town having a good time at his expense, so he published an advertisement as follows :

Evermay Proclaims,
Take care, enter not here,
For punishment is ever near.

Whereas the height called Evermay, adjoining this town, is now completely enclosed with a good stone wall in part and a good post and rail fence joining thereto—this is to forewarn at their peril, all persons, of whatever age, sex, color, or standing in society, from trespassing on the premises, in any manner, by day or by night ; particularly all thievish knaves and idle vagabonds ; all rambling parties ; all assignation parties ; all amorous bucks with their dorfies ; and all sporting bucks with their dogs and guns.

My man, Edward, who resides on the premises, has my positive orders to protect the same from all trespassers as far as is in his power, with the aid of the following implements, placed in his hands for that purpose, if neces-

sary, viz,—Law, when the party is worthy of that attention and proper testimony can be had, a good cudgel tomahawk, cutlass, gun and blunderbuss, with powder, shot and bullets, steel traps and grass snakes.

It is Edward's duty to obey my lawful commands. In so doing on this occasion, I will defend him at all risques and hazards. For the information of those persons who may have real business on the premises, there is a good and convenient gate. But mark! I do not admit mere curiosity an errand of business. Therefore, I beg and prey of all my neighbors to avoid Evermay as they would a den of devils; or rattle snakes, and thereby save themselves and me much vexation and trouble.

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

June 2, 1810.

This place is now owned by Mr. John D. McPherson's family. Mr. Charles Carroll, of "Belleview," owned the adjoining place to "Evermay." Not many years after, Mr. Joseph Nourse bought this property, known as "Cedar Hill." When he built his stately old home on Tennallytown Road "Cedar Hill" went to the Rittenhouse family, who were relatives of the great genius, David Rittenhouse, the widely-known astronomer and mathematician.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LOVE STORY AND ROMANCE OF LONG AGO.

MANY of the readers will be interested in the marriage of the Russian Minister, M. de Bodisco, to Harriet Beall Williams, daughter of Brooke Williams, Sr. (of good old Revolutionary stock), the most brilliant wedding that has ever taken place in the District.

In former days the foreign ministers preferred living in Georgetown, and did so until their governments required their representatives to reside in the Capital. When Mr. Bodisco first came to Georgetown to live, he gave a Christmas party to his nephews Waldamer and Boras Bodisco ; to this party all the boys and girls of the town were bidden ; great bonfires lighted the way, for there was no gas in those days. Enchanting strains of music, flowers and lights were everywhere, and very happy was every boy and girl present. Among the guests was the

beautiful Harriet Beall Williams, whom Mr. Bodisco saw there for the first time. Her charms completely fascinated the old gentleman; the morning after the ball he walked up the hill to meet her and escorted her to school. Thus started a love story that ended in a happy marriage, notwithstanding the disparagement of age. The bride was only sixteen and considered the beauty of America. (Indeed the entire Williams family were strikingly handsome.) Mr. Bodisco was about fifty years of age. Her family were much opposed to the marriage, and at one time the engagement came near being broken. She told Mr. Bodisco that her grandmother and everybody else thought he was entirely too old and ugly. Mr. Bodisco's reply was that she might find some one younger and better looking, but no one that would love her more than he did.

They were married in June, 1849, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at her mother's home on Georgetown Heights. Only the immediate relatives and the bridal party witnessed the ceremony, after which there was a brilliant reception. The wedding party

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formed a circle, and just back of them on a sofa sat a row of aged ladies in lace-trimmed caps, among them her grandmother Harriet Williams, and her three sisters, Mrs. Benjamin Mackall, Mrs. Leonard Mackall, Mrs. William Stewart, Sr., and their cousin, Mrs. Leonard Hollyday Johns, Sr., all of whom were between seventy and eighty years of age.

The marriage ceremony was performed by her cousin, Rev. Hollyday Johns the second. Her trousseau came from abroad, and her bridal robe was a marvel of rich white satin and costly lace, which fell in graceful folds around her ; the low-cut dress showed to perfection her lovely white shoulders and neck. On her fair brow and golden hair was worn a coronet of rarest pearls, the gift of the groom. The effect was wonderfully brilliant. As her father was not living, her hand was given in marriage by Henry Clay.

The groom wore his court dress of velvet and lace. All the bridesmaids, seven in number, were beautiful girls about her own age. Their gowns were figured white satin, cut low in the neck with short sleeves, and

trimmed with blond lace; their hair was simply dressed, without ornaments. The bridesmaids were her sister, Gennie Williams, Sarah Johns, Jessie Benton, Ellen Carter, Eliza Jane Wilson, Emily Nicholls, Mary Harry and Helen Morris, daughter of Commodore Morris. Each bridesmaid was presented with a ring set with her favorite stone. The groomsmen were Henry Fox, the British Minister, in scarlet court dress; Mr. Dunlop, Minister from Texas; Mr. Martineau, Minister from the Netherlands; Mr. Buchanan, who had been Minister to Russia, and was then Senator, and afterwards President of the United States; Baron Saruyse, the Austrian Minister; Martin Van Buren; Mr. Kemble Paulding, whose father was Secretary of the Navy at that time; Mr. Forsythe, whose father was Secretary of State. Each minister had his own carriage and attendants dressed in livery. The house and grounds were thronged with noted guests, strolling amid sweet-scented flowers and lemon trees hanging with rich golden fruit.

The brilliant array of guests, the sparkling eyes and bright smiles of beautiful belles, formed a fairy scene, long to be remembered.

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Among the distinguished guests were President Van Buren, Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State, all the Diplomatic Corps, and a host of other notables. The bride was taken to her new home in Mr. Bodisco's private carriage drawn by four horses. The same afternoon Mr. Bodisco gave a dinner to just the bridal party. At nine o'clock of the same day he gave a general reception for the families of the attendants. The morning after the wedding the bridesmaids took breakfast with the bride, and, girl-like, as soon as breakfast was over, went on an investigating tour. In her boudoir they found many beautiful things, among them an old-fashioned secretary, with numerous drawers; one was filled with ten-dollar gold pieces, another with silver dollars, another with ten-cent pieces, another with the costliest of jewels, and still another with French candy. The next week Mr. Bodisco gave a grand ball, on which occasion Madame Bodisco wore her bridal robe. Shortly after the wedding, President Van Buren gave a handsome dinner at the White House in honor of Madame Bodisco and Mrs. Decantzo, another bride. To this

dinner all the bridal party were invited. Madame Bodisco wore a black watered silk, trimmed with black thread lace, and pearl ornaments. President Van Buren sent his private carriage and his son, Martin, to escort Ellen Carter (an adopted daughter of Jeremiah Williams, who was an important shipping merchant of the town) to the dinner. The President thought Miss Carter like her Aunt Marrion Steuart of New York, to whom he was engaged while Governor of New York. At the dinner table he drank wine with her, and again in the reception room. Miss Carter afterwards married Paymaster Brenton Boggs of the U. S. Navy. On another occasion, at one of the diplomatic dinners given at the White House, Madame Bodisco wore a rich white watered silk, the sleeves, waist and skirt embroidered with pale pink rosebuds with tender green leaves. Her jewels were diamonds and emeralds.

James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, was also present at this wedding.

"Baron Bodisco" was ugly, in fact pre-eminently so, and some people went so far in their disapproval of the marriage as to refer

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to the old fairy tale, "Beauty and the Beast." "One seldom met the ill-matched couple without a sigh, which meant, Ah, the pity of it." Yet people said it was not an unhappy marriage. Wealth and position are potent comforters. A certain wise woman of the East once said, "There is a moral support in a good silk gown which neither philosophy nor religion can afford, and when the gown is of the best Lyons velvet, shot with gold, or sown thick with seed pearls, where does the pity come in?"

The following account is taken from a daily paper and relates the experience of a young man just making his entrance into "good society" in the City of Washington:

* This was my first entrance into fashionable life at one of Madame Bodisco's birth-night balls. I was under the care of Senator —— ——. As we entered the house, two tall specimens of humanity, dressed very much like militia generals, in scarlet coats, trimmed with gold lace, and white trousers, met us at the door. Thinking them distinguished people, I bowed low and solemnly. They stared and bowed. The scene was impressive. "Go on," said my companion, the Senator before mentioned, "don't be so polite to those fellows, they are servants; give them your cloak." The information was useful, but unpleasant. I hurried on, pulling off my cloak as I

* *Harpers' Magazine.*

went. Just within the first door of the drawing room stood a fat, oily, little gentleman, bowing also, but not so magnificently gotten up as my first acquaintances. Certain of my game now, I, in superb style, threw over him my cloak, and hurried on. Senator pulled me back, and to the astonished little fellow now struggling from under my broadcloth, I was presented. I had nearly smothered the Russian minister, who, however, laughed merrily at the mistake. My indorser, the Senator, became evidently alarmed. He hardly knew what I would accomplish next, and left me, as soon as he possibly could, to my fate. I wandered about rather disconsolate. The lights, music, dancing, fun, and laughter, were all novelties and charming for a while, but I knew no one, and after an hour's looking on, hunted up my friend, the Senator, and begged him to introduce me to some of the young ladies. He hesitated a moment and then consented, and I was led up and presented to a magnificent creature I had long looked upon with silent admiration, Miss Gennie Williams, who was seated in an easy, nonchalant manner, conversing with a circle of gentlemen, and favored me with a gracious nod. As I stood, wondering whether this was the end of my introduction, a moustached dandy came between us and said, "Miss Williams, permit me to relate the joke of the season." To my horror he began the story of the cloak. My first impulse was to knock him down, my second to run away, on my third I acted. Interrupting the exquisite, I said, "Begging your pardon, Sir, but Miss W. I am the only person who can do justice to that joke," and continuing I related it, without in any way sparing myself. She laughed heartily, as did the circle, and rising from her chair, took my arm, saying kindly, that I must be cared for or I should murder some one. With a grace and kindness I shall never forget, she placed me at ease.

A tree grown from a seed of lemon used at Madame Bodisco's wedding
The lemons were raised on Upton Beall's place in Rockville, Maryland

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The Russian Minister, Alexander deBodisco, was born in Moscow the 30th of October, 1786, and died at his residence in Georgetown on the 23d of January, 1854, having filled the post of Russian Envoy in the United States for about seventeen years. He was in Vienna in 1814, during the famous Congress which settled the affairs of the continent, and was afterwards Chargé d' Affairs at Stockholm. He lies buried in Oak Hill cemetery, surrounded by his wife's relatives, but not one of his own family.

A handsome monument of Italian marble, with gold lettering, marks his resting place. Of his seven children only one, a son, survives; the others are all buried in different countries. His son, Costie, is now living in Russia, and one of the Imperial Guard. Madame Bodisco lies buried abroad. She married a second time, Captain Douglas Gordon Scott of the British Army.

Baron de Bodisco's granddaughter, Miss Olga de Bodisco, only daughter of Costa de Bodisco, chamberlain to the Czar of Russia, has just received special honors from the wife as well as the mother of the Czar.

Miss Bodisco made her début during the present season at St. Petersburg. On Easter Eve last, at seven o'clock, she was selected as first maid of honor to the Empress Marie Ferdorovna and the Emperor's mother, Alexandra Ferdorovna. The badge of her office and the paper containing the royal appointment were given to her in a jewel box bearing the imperial monogram "M. A." beneath the crown of diamonds. This badge is worn on the left shoulder with a bow of blue ribbon, and entitles her to appear at court whenever she wishes during her lifetime. This honor is rarely bestowed upon a young girl during her first season; it is generally given when they are about to make a brilliant marriage. Miss Bodisco is only seventeen years of age, and must have inherited some of her grandmother's beauty, for she is universally considered to be one of the most beautiful girls in St. Petersburg. The Emperor's mother is Miss Bodisco's godmother.